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THE SPHERE

Vol. CXLIII No. 1864 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — OCT. 12 1935

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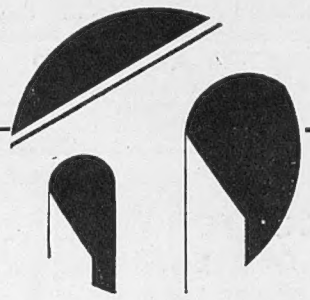

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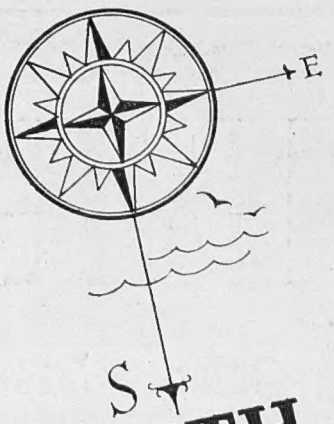

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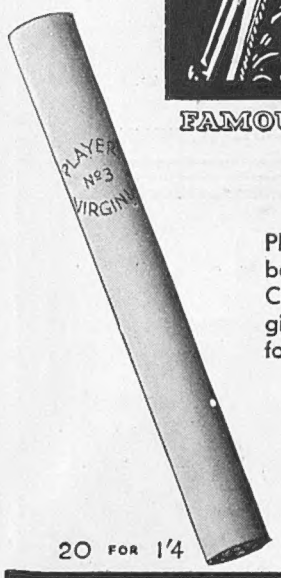

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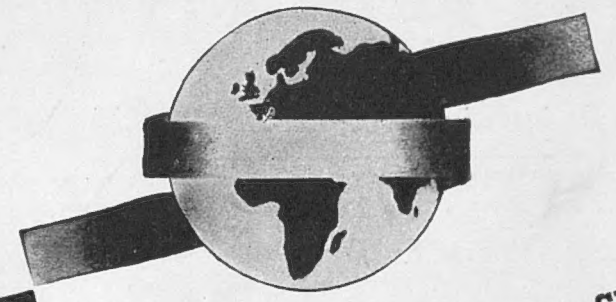

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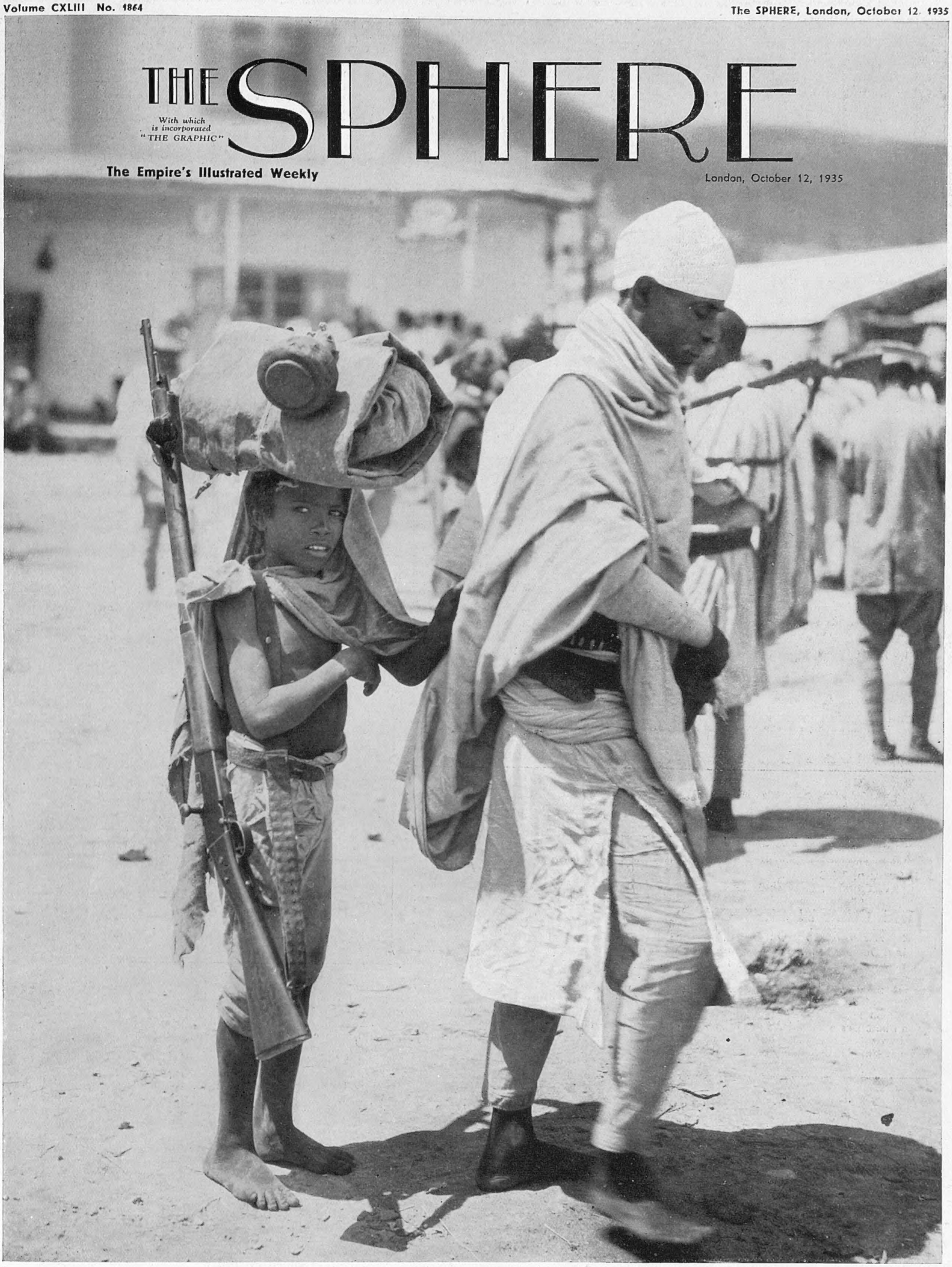


Knight and Page Go Forth to War

A Warrior and His Young Son Leaving the City of Harar on the Way to Abyssinia's Southern Front

For weeks past the people of Harar, the second city of the Empire, have been making preparations for the defence of the southern boundaries of Ethiopia against the forces of General Graziani, the Commander-in-Chief of the Italians now advancing from Somaliland. Young men and old have been flocking to the colours, and an immense army of tribesmen is concentrated in the desert of Ogaden under the command of General Nasibu and of General Habuta Mikaille, an ex-Commandant of the Imperial Guard. Up to now the bulk of the news has come from the northern front, where there has been such fierce fighting round Adowa, but it was reported on Tuesday of this week that Italian bombing 'planes were causing havoc in the South, although there had as yet been no contact between the opposing land forces. *(For further war pictures see pages 46 to 48 and 55 to 59)*

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d. Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

LONDON RECEIVES THE NEWS OF BATTLE: Succinct but dramatic newspaper bills announcing the commencement of hostilities and the bombing of Adowa

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, October 9, 1935.

THE CURTAIN RISES ON THE TRAGEDY.—On Thursday evening, October 3, the curtain rose on the new tragedy of civilisation, foredoomed with absolute certainty for several months. "As a purely precautionary measure in view of the Abyssinian mobilisation," a number of Italian bombers attacked Adowa inflicting inevitable casualties on civilians while infantry and artillery crossed the River Mareb towards Adowa which lies 30 miles from the Eritrean frontier. They easily occupied Adigrat; and soon after Adowa fell, without much opposition, to make a Roman holiday; and the Holy City of Aksum, to make an air base. The Emperor informed the League by telegram of what had taken place. Concurrently, an advance was made by the main Italian forces in the south towards the Wal Wal–Webbe Shebeli line. The supreme horror which, accepted as inevitable, every sane man in civilisation has hoped against hope might be averted is a *fait accompli*. Already we are back again to the language of world-war, the inevitably exaggerated tales of slaughter of women and children, of bombs dropped on hospitals, of cruelty and insane injustice; in a word, to the stock-in-trade of Bedlam and the Four Horsemen. We rub our eyes and wonder still if we shall awake and the nightmare fade away.

THE ITALIAN EMBASSY GUARD: One of the police specially detailed to protect Signor Grandi's residence at 4, Grosvenor Square. The Ambassador visited Sir Samuel Hoare at the Foreign Office on Friday of last week to convey to him a message from Signor Mussolini, in which the Duce contended that the British Government had misunderstood the Italian attitude and suggested the mutual cancellation of the precautionary naval and military measures taken by both Governments in the Mediterranean

THE ABYSSINIAN FRONT.—It is high time to take a look at the map of Abyssinia. Let us expound the features revealed in schoolboy language. The country is largely bounded on the west by British Egyptian territory, with Khartum less than 300 miles away from its north-west corner, as the crow flies. Uganda territory approaches its south-west corner. Kenya borders its south as far as Dolo. Then comes in Italian Somaliland, which runs up the whole of the east side, a barrier between it and the Indian Ocean up to the Gulf of Aden. British Somaliland joins in on the north and is a barrier between Abyssinia and the rest of the Gulf of Aden. Then comes French Somaliland, south of the Babel-Mandeb Straits. And finally Italian Eritrea on the north-west, a barrier between Abyssinia and the Red Sea. From this front the first hostilities began with an aerial bombardment of Adowa and Adigrat in Agame Province. The centre of chief interest may yet prove to be the undefined frontier between Abyssinia and Italian Somaliland on the south-west, from Dolo to the south-eastern point of the British Somaliland border. Here the main Italian forces are massed on what is labelled the Ogaden front. The forces probably number 20,000 whites and as many natives. The Abyssinian front held the line of Wal Wal to the Webbe-Shebeli River. Their numbers are quite uncertain. Numerically they vastly outnumber the Italians. They have perhaps 20,000 men passed as "trained." The presumed Italian plan was to hold the wells at Wal Wal and so turn and roll up the Abyssinian left (or north-east) flank, and to push on to Harrar, nearly 200 miles farther on. Harrar lies 250 miles east of Addis Ababa as the crow flies. That crudely is what the map and the early Press appreciators of the situation reveal.

THE HOLLYWOOD OF DIPLOMACY.—The League met on Saturday to face its gravest problem yet. In the appalling gravity of the European situation we must not lose our sense of humour nor abandon our natural optimism, without which no form of civilisation can hang together. Therefore we may be allowed a smile at that recent remarkable exchange of questionnaires between Great Britain and France which so intrigued the rest of Europe listening at the keyhole. There is humour in the exchange. Britain asks France if, in certain events, she may depend on her fleet. France asks Britain if she may depend on her army? Neither country, in a calm moment, wastes much time in cracking up those land and sea forces respectively. Then we may allow ourselves politely to smile at the unreal and Hollywood atmosphere which invests Geneva. Mr. Eden is to-day the film star of Geneva and lives there a life of unreality which closely compares with that of the day star of the film world at Hollywood. The atmosphere of unreality and adulation which invests him is not of his seeking. His recent successes there brought it about. His charm of manner encourages it. But it handicaps his ability and good sense and must tend to affect his sense of proportion. Genevan triumphs lie in "seeking a formula," in a nice choice of words, in a tactful compromise to save an angry face. Hard facts—military and economic—laugh at nice phrases and formulæ. Mr. Eden at Geneva and Mr. Eden facing facts before his Cabinet in London or M. Laval in Paris, are different characters, playing distinct parts. Hence events rush on in Europe, not altogether according to Geneva plan. We must recognise this fact and get used to it, while according to Mr. Eden all the respect and sympathy due to his most important role. The League is faced with a dual problem, closely co-related. Its own survival; and the means to check (under its articles) the aggressor in the Abyssinian dispute. At Bournemouth on Friday Mr. Baldwin put bluntly the "plain man's duty" as a member of the League. Force of arms may be the near and ultimate sanction. He spoke for Britain. He cannot speak for those nations who spoke brave words at Geneva. Military sanctions are out of the question. Economic spell ruin to European trade.

SERGEANT-AT-ARMS.—Sir Colin Keppel's successor as Sergeant-at-Arms is Brigadier Charles Howard, D.S.O. He is a grandson of the 17th Earl of Suffolk and has a distinguished career and wide experience in the army. Sir Redvers Buller became his stepfather and in consequence he saw, as A.D.C. to Sir Redvers in South Africa, all the error of our ways in war, 1899–1900. He commanded the 16th K.R.R. in 1916 when he was wounded. He commanded the 12th Infantry Brigade at Dover at the end of his active career and was made a freeman of that town. The conditions of his very ancient and important post in Parliament make him very intimately a personal servant of the King; for while Parliament is in recess, the Sergeant attends upon H.M., transferring his allegiance to the Speaker, whose "Chief of Police" he becomes, when Parliament meets. He is then chiefly responsible for maintaining order in the House, a task less onerous to-day than in the day of Irish Members. That personal connection with the King makes his appointment the more interesting by the fact that he is a near neighbour of the King at Sandringham and shares the King's keen interest in shooting. He lives at Castle Rising, whose high pheasants are notorious, and he comes of a family which has produced some of the finest game shots in Britain.

SIR DUDLEY DRUMMOND.—

"Dud" Drummond who died all too young the other day, was a well-loved figure in South Wales, of infinite charm, versatility, and business ability. He descended from the bright poet, Drummond of Hawthornden, and for the best years of his active life he was agent for his own (Williams) family estates in South Wales, as also for the estates of Lord Cawdor in Carmarthenshire and Pembroke. One way and another he had the control of 50,000 acres of residential, agricultural, and coastal lands and mining areas. He was, besides, a great public figure in his own place where he sat on innumerable committees and transacted a vast amount of business. He was at one time a keen "territorial" and carried in his head the history and intricate workings of many local institutions. He was a good shot, a keen sportsman, a naturalist, and a lover of music and other arts. And as a companion he was outstandingly charming, a delightful mixture of sense and sentiment; shrewd and sympathetic, determined and infinitely gentle, well-informed and completely unassuming. Small wonder that his family life was an idyll of mutual affection and constant happiness, and that hosts of friends and admirers all over the country mourn his death.

Precedents are new and full. When the honeymoon is over, in January, the Duke and Duchess will live at Camberley while the Duke remains at the Staff College.

THE RUSH OF NEW BOOKS—AND HAIG.—

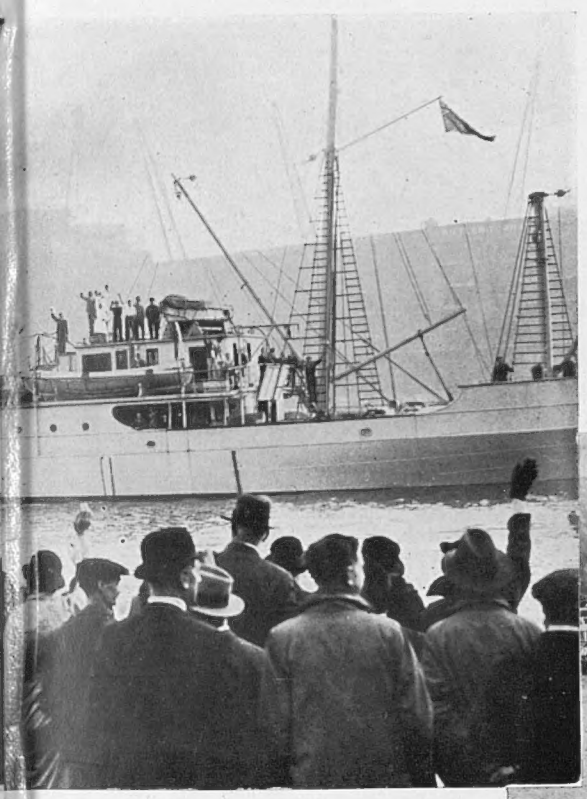
Publishers no doubt best understand their own business. A mere author is a worm in the book-world. Yet it does seem to me that this autumn is a crying example of the need for readjusting old notions of when books should be published. The old idea was that people came back in October to London and to their firesides, avid for intellectual fare after two months of reading nothing but guide-books. So October has for decades been the prime season for publishing new books. But in point of fact there are no "fireside evenings" nowadays. The public, whatever they read, read all the year round, and perhaps as much in August as in any month. The publisher who throws out an important book at the end of July has a pretty clear field, and satisfies a fairly wide demand. This October has already seen the publication of fully a dozen quite important books within a few days of one another, and I have observed how perforce the critics have dealt swiftly and negligently with them. Who, for example, can so read in the course of two or three days *The Life of Charles Gore*, the first volume of *Haig, Lord Lovat*, the Duke of Portland's turf memories (to name four different types among a dozen important books) as to bring real knowledge of their contents to bear on a criticism? Moreover, publishers were well aware months ago that this October the public mind would be diverted certainly by war and war rumours and possibly by the shadow of a general election. However, Barabbas knows his trade, which is not what it was. As for *Haig's Life, Vol. I*, one gathers already that it did not please the military experts. That Mr. Duff Cooper would please the literary folk goes without saying. The polish and balance of his *Talleyrand* stood out in a world of literary formlessness and his new volume maintains that high standard. How will the book strike Haig's friends? How would it have appealed to Haig himself? He foresaw and tried to prevent the risk of being drawn into the post-war dog-fight. He was a trenchant critic of his superiors and peers in his private letters but he loathed publicity and detested the washing in public of dirty linen. His literary executors were faced with two loyalties. To respect Haig's known wishes and at the same time (*a*) to clear his fame attacked by memoir-writing politicians, and (*b*) to obtain for Haig's children all the profits which might be derived from his diaries "while the going was good." It has not been made easy for them, neither the decision to publish nor the working out of that decision. And one way and another, the anticipated net profits to the estate may not reach expectations.

THE POLITICAL STAMPING GROUND: A member of the League of African Friends of Ethiopia addressing a protest meeting in Hyde Park, during which he appealed for the lifting of the embargo on the export of arms from Britain to Abyssinia

DR. A. MENITY AND CO.—

The British Health Resorts Association has existed for four years. Would that it had lived and worked for five times as long. Last week at Margate it was in session and said some hard things about Victorian and Edwardian ideas of health-resort amenities. But for sheer chaotic and destructive muddle and tastelessness the Victorian and Edwardian ages are golden ages compared with the post-war era. Mr. Clough Williams-Ellis showed us what could be done on virgin soil at Port-Meirion. He is convinced that the public is becoming Amenity-minded at last, and will no longer accept the dreary inefficiency it once put up with. No sea-side planning should be suffered without the advice and control of Doctors Amenity, Planning, Control, and Gay. He may be right. We may take it that the post-war development of every coastal acre of our South Coast from the Essex round to the Dorset shores is a reaction against Victorian dreariness. But that development does not reveal any activity by the Big Four Doctors. For sheer squalor, lack of taste, order, decency, amenity, and sanitation, the running sore which disfigures our South Coast cries out to Heaven to condemn all local authorities and our Government. If these doctors get to work at this late hour, it will take them an age as long as the Edwardian to repair the damage done since the war to a lovely heritage.

THE OLD STAGER



OUTWARD BOUND: Relatives and friends of members of the crew waving goodbyes as the Royal research ship, *Discovery II*, left the London docks last week at the start of her fourth expedition to the Antarctic. The *Discovery* is commanded by Lieutenant L. C. Hill, R.N.R., and carries fifty men. She is expected to be on her voyage for about twenty months, and the main object is to acquire knowledge of the stocks of whales in the south polar regions, their distribution, and their life history

THE ROYAL WEDDING.—

The most meticulous appraiser of the public mind can find no reason to conclude that the public is losing enthusiasm for Royal weddings, or indeed for fashionable weddings. The number of untirable females of every age and class who will queue up on pavements for long hours and in all weathers to see the bride come out never falls, and assures the Press that their best clients need Royal wedding talk in as full measure as in the Kent, York, and Harewood nuptials. The Gloucester wedding will be clearly a very simple and very family affair, and more on the lines of the York than the Kent wedding. The Duke provides three child bridesmaids among his kin; the Duchess of York's two children and Lady Mary Cambridge. Lady Alice has a sister, three nieces, and a first cousin—Lady Angela Scott, and the children of her two elder sisters, Lady Margaret Hawkins and Lady Sibyl Phipps, and the daughter of Lady Frances Scott, whose husband is a well-known figure in Kenya, where Lady Alice has lived for long periods of late. The details of the ceremony, which will be broadcast as before, should give Lord Cromer little trouble.

THE DUKE OF KENT AT LANCASTER: His Royal Highness arriving with members of the Corporation to open the new Langthwaite reservoir which has just been completed at a cost of £200,000 and has a storage capacity of 190,000,000 gallons. The Duke made the journey to the North of England by 'plane and spent the night before the ceremony as the guest of Lord and Lady Derby at Knowsley. After the opening he attended a luncheon at Lancaster Town Hall

PASSING

THE END OF THE LONG VACATION: The procession of judges which took place last Monday following the service held at Westminster Abbey to mark the commencement of the Michaelmas Law Sittings. The service was attended by the Lord Chancellor (Lord Hailsham), the majority of the Judges, and a large number of King's Counsel and members of the Bar. Later there was a gathering in the Court of Appeal at which Lord Hailsham referred in glowing terms to the late Lord Tomlin, who was a Judge for twelve years and whose death took place during the vacation, and to Lord Hanworth, who recently resigned from the Mastership of the Rolls on account of illness. "Lord Hanworth's resignation of his great office as soon as he was aware that he was not fully equal to the discharge of its responsibilities was," said the Lord Chancellor, "only another example of that sense of honour which has characterised his public life"

A BOVINE ARISTOCRAT: A prizewinning bullock belonging to Mr. J. O. Fane at Wokingham and District Agricultural Show

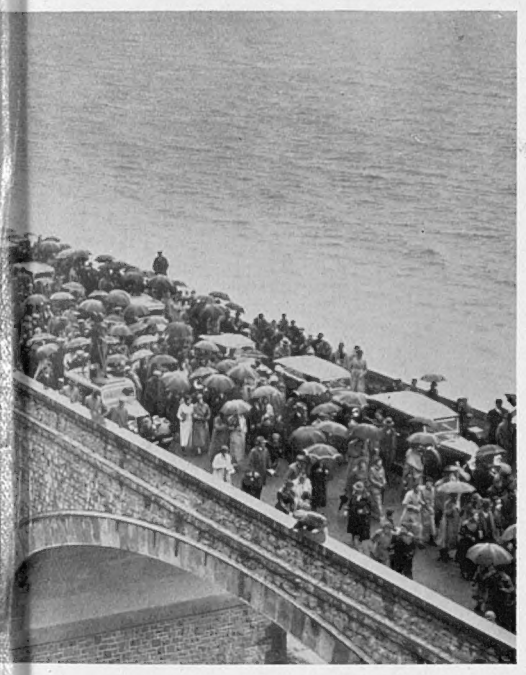
THE ROYAL FAMILY GOES TO SANDRINGHAM: T Ki and his fiancée, Lady Alice Montagu-Douglas-Scot se the start of their journey to Norfolk. The w di father will be unable to be present on accou of taken by his son and heir, the Earl of Dalkeit wl

BETWEEN THE MOUNTAINS AND THE SEA: st the viaducts on the new section of the Nor Va fechan, after it had been opened a few days a by years' work, costing £500,000, has been requir to

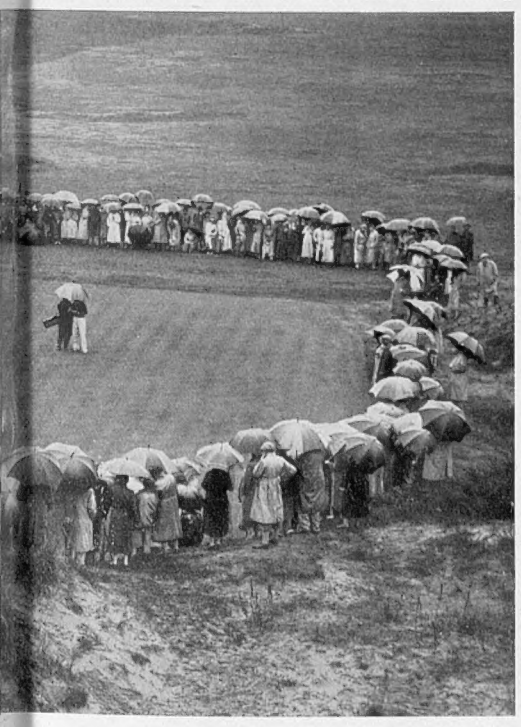
A THRILLING GOLF FINAL: The gallery of spec to and St. Annes, putting on the 30th green dur he English Ladies' Close Championship which w he of rain during the second round, which ma co were in excellent form, and it was not until 38

PAGEANT

King and Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Gloucester seen as they left Buckingham Palace on Monday at ding has been fixed for November 6, but the bride's of illness, and his place at the ceremony will be who is a personal friend of the Duke of Gloucester



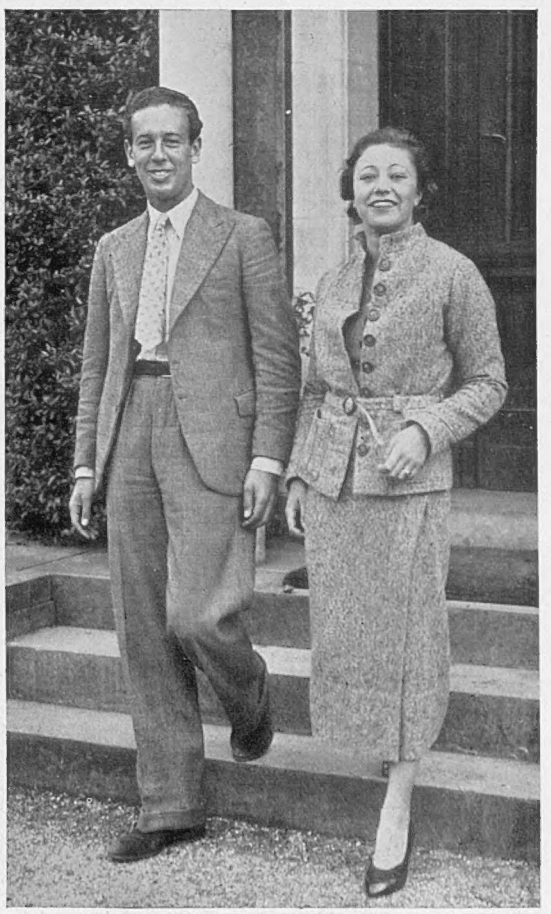
stream of cars and spectators passing across one of Wales coast road between Penmaenmawr and Llanfair- by Mr. Hore-Belisha, the Minister of Transport. Five to carry out this remarkable piece of road engineering



tors watching Miss Elsie Corlett, of Royal Lytham her match with Mrs. P. Garon, of Addington, in the held at Birkdale last week. There was a downpour conditions extremely difficult for the players, but both 38th hole that Mrs. Garon established her superiority

AUSTRALIAN GUESTS OF THE CITY: Officers and ratings of the new cruiser, H.M.A.S. *Sydney*, marching behind their band on the way to the Guildhall, where they were welcomed last week by the Lord Mayor of London (Sir Stephen Killik). The *Sydney* has just been completed on the Tyne, and is the second warship of that name in the Commonwealth Navy. Its predecessor, it will be remembered, engaged the famous German raider, *Emden*, at the beginning of the war, driving her ashore at North Keeling Island and destroying her with the loss of 230 members of the crew

THE CONSERVATIVE CONFERENCE AT BOURNEMOUTH: Mr. Neville Chamberlain addressing the crowd after one of the meetings where the chief subject of discussion was Britain's obligation to the League in the present crisis

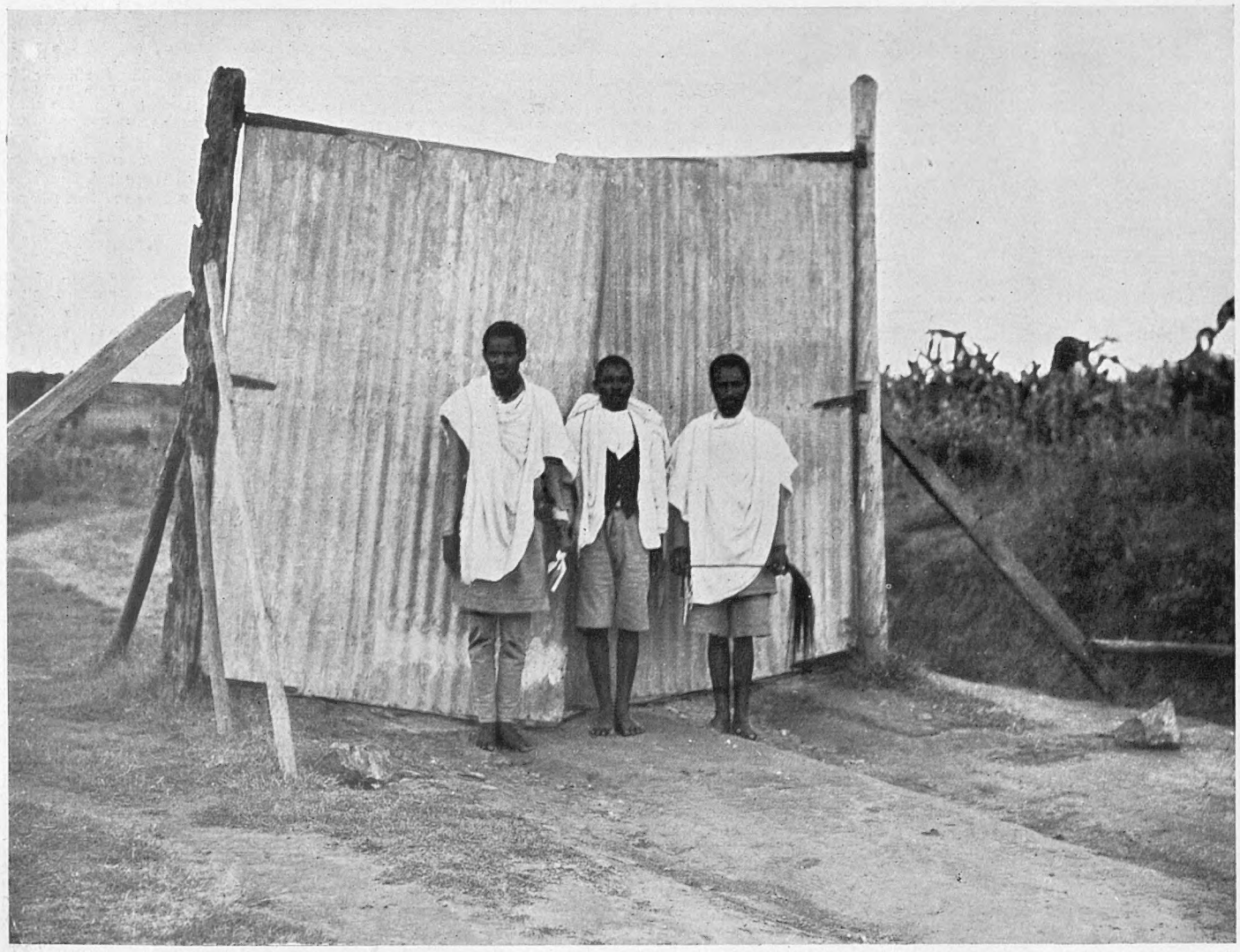


A SUSSEX SOCIETY ENGAGEMENT: Miss Joan Annette Tuck, the eighteen-year-old daughter of Major Sir Reginald Tuck, and Mr. Alwyn Eric Bolton, of Gill Wood End, Wadhurst, who are to be married shortly

THE WAR IN ABYSSINIA

DEFENDERS OF THE OGADEN AND TIGRÉ FRONTS

THE CROW'S NEST: A member of General Habuta Mikaille's southern defence force surveying the countryside from a point of vantage. He is one of the many scouts whose duty it is to safeguard the main body from surprise attacks, and if he catches sight of the enemy he sends warning by whirling strands of wire round and round above his head, thus making a sound which can be heard for a considerable distance. The Abyssinian Air Force of seven 'planes is not as yet being used for reconnaissance work



POLICING THE OGADEN ROAD: Three Abyssinians guarding the barricade erected just outside Harar on the main highway to the south. Only troops and bearers of official passes have been permitted to travel this way during the last month, as the Emperor has been anticipating that this region near the Italian Somaliland frontier will be the scene of some of the fiercest fighting of the campaign

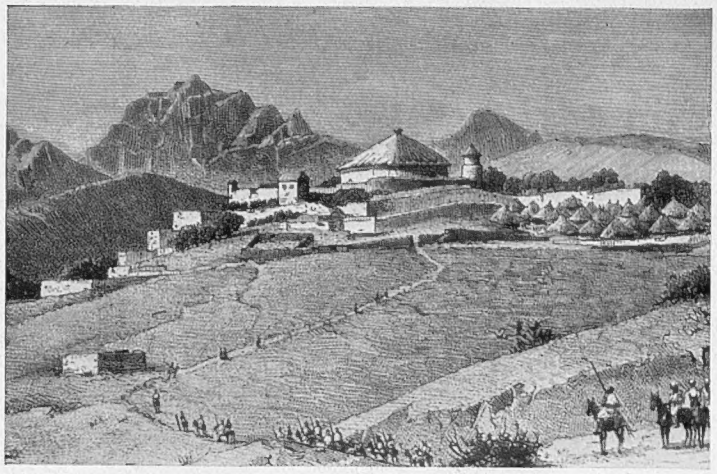
IRREGULARS ON THE MARCH: White-robed and barefooted troops passing through the streets of Addis Ababa on their way to the province of Tigré, where they joined the army commanded by Ras Seyoum (a descendant of King John II) who last week was driven from Adowa, but successfully evacuated his 20,000 men. Before leaving for the front each soldier received a year's cash pay at the Imperial Treasury, the sum amounting to between £3 and £10 according to rank

CENTRE OF AN ADMIRING CIRCLE: A warrior showing off the rifle given him at the Palace arms depot at Addis Ababa, where during the past three weeks a distribution of weapons to tribesmen from the interior has taken place every day in the presence of the Emperor Haile Selassie. The present of a gun never fails to evoke expressions of gratitude, the recipient usually kissing the ground in his ecstasy and then recounting in florid language his exploits as a soldier

SEVENTY YEARS OF TANGLED TREATIES

A Chronological Survey of Italy's Quarrel with Abyssinia

Britain's Connection with the Long-Drawn-Out Dispute



STORM CENTRE OF ITALO-ETHIOPIAN CONFLICT: Adowa as it was in 1896 when the Italians suffered an overwhelming reverse there

By EDWARD BRADDEN

THE second battle of Adowa has been fought and won—this time by the Italians. And there is a general feeling that having satisfied the honour of Italy, Signor Mussolini may now halt his forces and afford those concerned the opportunity of adjusting the dispute. It is a long and intricate dispute, in which the tide of diplomatic success has run alternately in the favour of Italy and Abyssinia for close on seventy years.

Without entering into the question as to whether Sanctions will or will not be applied, it is conceivable that the conversations may be narrowed down to Abyssinia, Italy, France, and Great Britain. These are the countries immediately concerned—indeed, they have all been involved in discussions over Abyssinia since 1868—and Great Britain is by no means the party least concerned. Two-thirds of the whole of the Abyssinian frontier marches with frontiers of British Possessions, while the fact that the source of the Blue Nile lies within Abyssinia's frontiers makes the fate of that country of the deepest concern to her.

There is in some quarters the curious impression that when she was admitted to the League of Nations in 1923 all those treaties which had automatically governed Abyssinia's past were wiped out, and that she began life afresh under the auspices of the League of Nations.

This, of course, is not the fact. Abyssinia adhered to the obligations formulated in Article 13 of the Convention signed at Saint-Germain-en-Laye in 1919. This was the Convention which amended the General Act of Berlin (Disraeli and Peace with Honour) and the General Act and Declaration of Brussels, 1890, the two arrangements which virtually controlled the general form of Europe up to the time of the great war. Various obligations under which Abyssinia laboured in 1923 had therefore to be still observed, and since then she has entered into various fresh commitments of which cognisance must be duly taken.

Abyssinia was admitted to the League of Nations because the committee which reported on her application declared her to possess a stable government (Abyssinia makes great play with this). Conditional upon her entry into the League Abyssinia recognised as binding the system at present established in regard to the importation of arms and ammunition. Furthermore, she undertook to furnish to the Council of the League any information which it might require and to be faithful to her obligations.

The League of Nations, however, sets great store on the moral force of the Covenant, both as regards Abyssinia's attitude towards itself and the attitude of the League towards Abyssinia. It is the spirit of the business rather than the strict letter in minor matters towards which the League looks with hope. It is interesting to reflect that Great Britain at first opposed Abyssinia's candidature which, on the other hand, was warmly espoused by Italy. Both Italy and France felt that Abyssinia's entry into the League might do much towards the solution of the slavery problem.

In spite of Abyssinia's adherence to the League, however, it is possible that diplomatic steps may be taken for primary conversations between Great Britain, France, Italy, and Abyssinia. These countries have been solely concerned with Abyssinian problems over a great number of years. France, Italy, and Great Britain, indeed, have what may be called the Abyssinian tradition. The story of its foundation and its intricacies since then are of the deepest interest.

It was in 1868 that Lord Napier of Magdala (then Sir Robert Napier) marched into Abyssinia to the rescue of British subjects who had been imprisoned by the Mad Emperor of that day. It was an entirely well-managed and successful expedition, the immediate result of which was to turn the eyes of Europe on Abyssinia as an outlet for its varying interests. From this point the ground is best covered by giving the Treaties* which thereafter governed Abyssinia's fate.

1869.—The Italians established themselves in what is now Eritrea by the purchase in this year of land from the local Sultan. The Emperor John of Abyssinia began to fear that the Italians might seek to push towards healthier lands in the interior. Thus trouble began.

1889.—In this year King Menelik of Shoa acceded to the Abyssinian Empire. Italy had supported his bid for the throne, and it was largely to define his position that he entered into the Treaty of Ucciali. This was a most important treaty and its cardinal point has been in dispute ever since. There are two texts—one Italian and one Amharic. And the whole of the subsequent dispute has raged over the words "must" or "may." According to the Italian text, Menelik was compelled to employ the Italian Government in his dealings with foreign Powers. This virtually gave Italy a protectorate over Abyssinia. Menelik argued that it was not that he must, but that he might. Meantime the Italians pushed on to Tigré, and Menelik became uneasy as to his independence.

1891.—Great Britain and Italy, interested in the possibilities of the hinterland, signed agreements defining their respective spheres of influence. Almost the whole of Abyssinia was recognised as belonging to the Italian sphere.

1892.—Acquisition of Italian Somaliland from the Sultan of Zanzibar.

1893.—Menelik, resenting the arrangement entered into between Great Britain and Italy, denounced the Treaty of Ucciali to the Powers.

1894.—Despite Menelik's repudiation of the Treaty of Ucciali, a third agreement was signed by the British and Italian Governments.

1896.—The effect of the continued advance of the Italians was to consolidate Menelik's empire. In March of this year an Italian force of 14,500 men was completely overwhelmed by an army of 100,000 Abyssinians at the Battle of Adowa. **The Peace Treaty, which was signed at Addis Ababa later in the year, annulled the disputed Treaty of Ucciali, and Italy recognised the absolute independence of Abyssinia.** Menelik spent the next twelve years subduing the surrounding tribes. Incidentally, he co-operated with British troops against the Mad Mullah.

1897.—Menelik, under a treaty with France, settled the French Somaliland frontier. In the same year he signed a treaty with Great Britain. This was a treaty of "Amity and Commerce," and further settled the British Somaliland frontier. This left Harar and Ogaden in Abyssinia. Also, in 1897, Menelik came to an agreement with Italy in respect to the Italian Somaliland frontier.

1900.—Treaty with Italy regarding Eritrean frontier.

1902.—Treaties with Great Britain and Italy in respect to the Sudan-Ethiopia and the Sudan-Eritrea frontiers. Under the Anglo-Abyssinian Boundary Treaty Great Britain received certain rights within the Italian sphere. The Abyssinian Government undertook not to permit any construction which would divert the Blue Nile, Sobat, or Lake Tana waters from their normal course to the Nile. To Great Britain was also "reserved" the right of building a railway through Abyssinian territory to connect the Sudan with Uganda.

1906.—In this year Great Britain, France, and Italy signed the Tripartite Agreement. This is one of the most important documents in the long line of treaties. In effect it guaranteed to maintain the *status quo* as defined in existing boundary and other treaties, to abstain from intervention in all the internal affairs of Abyssinia, but at the same time to make every effort to maintain the integrity of Ethiopia. In other ways it reaffirmed the various undertakings which had previously been entered into. The general principle was that none of the contracting parties should act without the consent of the other two. This Tripartite Agreement thoroughly alarmed Menelik, and he agreed to accept it only on the understanding that Abyssinia's sovereign rights were maintained.

1907.—Agreement with Great Britain regarding British East African frontier.

1908.—Convention with Italy regarding Somaliland frontier. Same year Abyssinia entered into a Convention with Italy in regard to the Eritrean frontier.

This brings one practically up to the great war, and the parade of treaties without doubt proves Abyssinia's position as a sovereign State. And the idea that all these treaties have been abrogated cannot hold water inasmuch as all of them have been quoted in the discussions arising out of the present dispute.

The Great War.—Menelik died in 1913 and thereafter his country fell into great confusion. However, the conflict in Europe left the feeble and distracted Abyssinian Government at least free from further treaties.

The only Treaty—Abyssinia was, of course, in ignorance of this—which was to affect their country so greatly after the Treaty of Versailles, was the secret Treaty of London signed in 1915. It was on the strength of Article 13 of the secret Treaty of London that Italy had broken with the Triple Alliance and joined the Allies. Here is the paragraph in question: In the event of France and Great Britain increasing their colonial territories in Africa at the expense of Germany, those two Powers agree in principle that Italy may claim some equitable compensation, particularly as regards the settlement in her favour of the questions relative to the frontiers of the Italian colonies of Eritrea, Somaliland and Libya, and the neighbouring colonies belonging to France and Great Britain.

It is well known that Italy's disappointment over acquisitions under the Treaty of Versailles was very great. To her mortification she saw all the former German colonies in Africa fall into the hands of Great Britain, France, and Belgium. Under Article 13 of the Secret Treaty she endeavoured to open up negotiations for the rectification of frontiers between French North-West Africa and Libya, Italian Somaliland and Kenya, Egypt—then a British protectorate—and Libya.

The first point was settled almost immediately. The second, by which Great Britain transferred Jubaland to Italy, was not settled until 1924. The third point was more or less settled in 1925, but it was not until nine years later, on July 20, 1934, that the matter was finally disposed of after the exchange of Notes between Egypt and Italy, and Great Britain and Italy demarcating certain previously undefined parts of the boundary between Libya and the Sudan.

These are delays under which Italy has smarted.

It is impossible to set out in detail the various entanglements on the Abyssinian question since the Treaty of Versailles.

One difficulty has been the overwhelming importance to Great Britain of protecting the waters of the Blue Nile. In respect of this Italy made various suggestions in 1919. One of the suggestions was that in return for various advantages Italy should support Great Britain's claim for a concession to carry out works on a barrage on Lake Tana "within the Italian sphere of influence pending the delimination of the extent of the territorial zone to be recognised as pertaining to Great Britain in respect to the latter's hydraulic interests."

Again Italy was to be disappointed. The suggestion was declined.

In 1924 the British Labour Government raised the question of Lake Tana with the Abyssinian Government. It was not successful. The succeeding Conservative Government, deciding that the Italian proposals of November, 1919, were not in contradiction with the Tripartite Agreement of 1906, entered into an arrangement whereby the British Government undertook, in return for Italian support in obtaining from Abyssinia a concession to build a barrage on Lake Tana and a motor road from Sudan to the lake, to support an Italian request for a railway from Eritrea to Somaliland.

This arrangement produced a storm. Abyssinia handed notes of protest to both the Governments concerned. The French regarded the arrangement as contrary to the Tripartite Treaty of 1906. Finally, Sir Austen Chamberlain announced in the House of Commons that the Anglo-Italian Notes did not "reserve" any part of Abyssinia to Italian economic influence and that the French were now satisfied with the general arrangement arrived at.

Meantime Ras Tafari, who had established himself as Negus in 1928, was ever growing more confident, and in 1928 he signed a Pact of Friendship and Arbitration with Italy. Under this Pact both Governments undertook to submit to a procedure of conciliation and arbitration should a dispute arise between them. In view of the present position it is remarkable that this Treaty should have been reaffirmed by both parties in 1934.

Finally came the incident at Wal Wal.

The recital of all the treaties, which so interlock the interests of Great Britain, Abyssinia, Italy, and France show beyond doubt how intimately concerned these four countries are with each other on the Abyssinian question.

* This record of the Treaties is compiled from *Abyssinia and Italy*, published by the Royal Institute of International affairs. The Institute is an unofficial and non-political body founded in 1920 to encourage and facilitate the scientific study of international questions. The Institute as such is precluded by its rules from expressing an opinion on any aspect of national affairs.

IN OLD-WORLD VALETTA: A Maltese girl with the goats which are driven from house to house and provide the islanders with their milk

"The Flower of the Mediterranean"

Malta and Its People

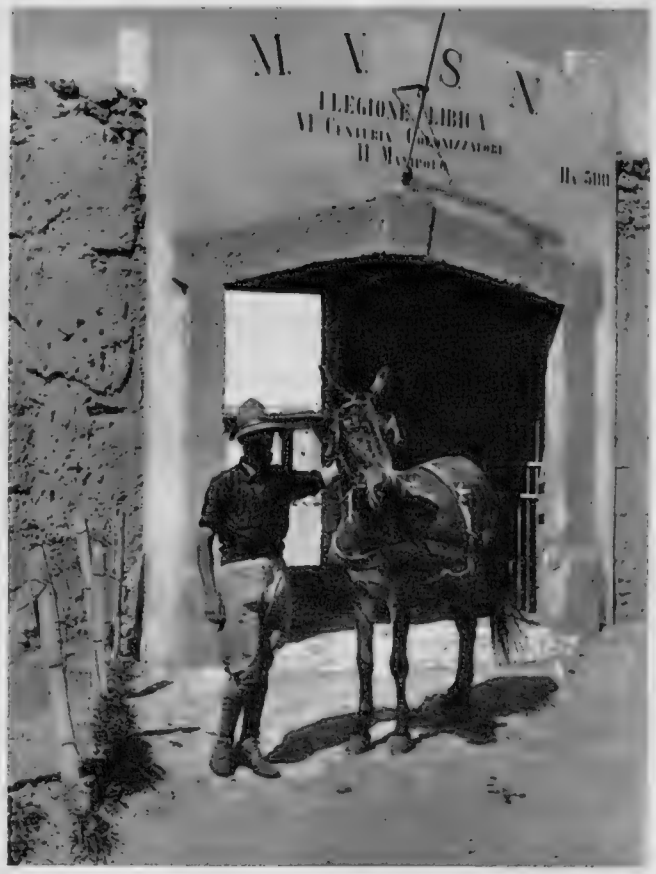
THE MERRY MONKS: These jovial churchmen are really the schoolmasters of Malta and quite a large proportion of the population is trained in the schools attached to the various monasteries. There are Carmelites, Dominicans, Franciscans, and a number of lesser orders on the island, while there are nuns of St. Ursula, St. Rita, St. Francis, and St. Catherine, who also act as teachers

THE HOOD OF SHAME: A lace-worker clad in the curious faldetta, the head-dress-cum-cape which, history relates, the women were ordered to wear for a hundred years as a penance for their lack of chastity at the time when Napoleon's troops were stationed in Malta in the year 1798. Although the century of expiation is now long past, this picturesque fashion has not entirely lapsed

ITALY'S MILITIAMEN AS COLONISERS

Preparing the Way for Large-Scale Emigration to Libya

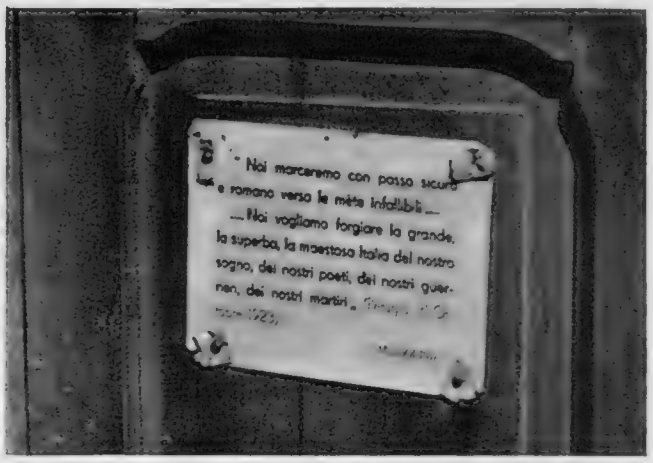
TILLING THE VIRGIN SOIL: A member of the Fascist militia engaged in ploughing with a mule on the desolate plains of Libya, which Signor Mussolini hopes will one day support a large and prosperous agricultural community drawn from the at present overcrowded cities of Italy



A PIONEER OF EMPIRE: A militiaman standing outside the gates of one of the desert settlements. He has lived in Libya for over three years, and has had to leave his family at home

BLAZING THE TRAIL: A typical member of Mussolini's semi-military colonising brigade

BRINGING NEW LIFE TO AN ARID LAND: One of the many wells which have been constructed in the colony, as there are no rivers to play their part in the work of irrigation



THE WORDS OF THE MASTER: "We will march with unfaltering and Roman step towards the infallible goal. We want to forge the great, the superb, the majestic Italy of our dreams, of our poets, of our warriors, of our martyrs." This extract from a speech by Mussolini has been posted up on countless doorways in the settlements to inspire the Fascists in their work

DESERT INDABA

Italian officers engaged in conversation with an Arab delegation which came to air grievances to them

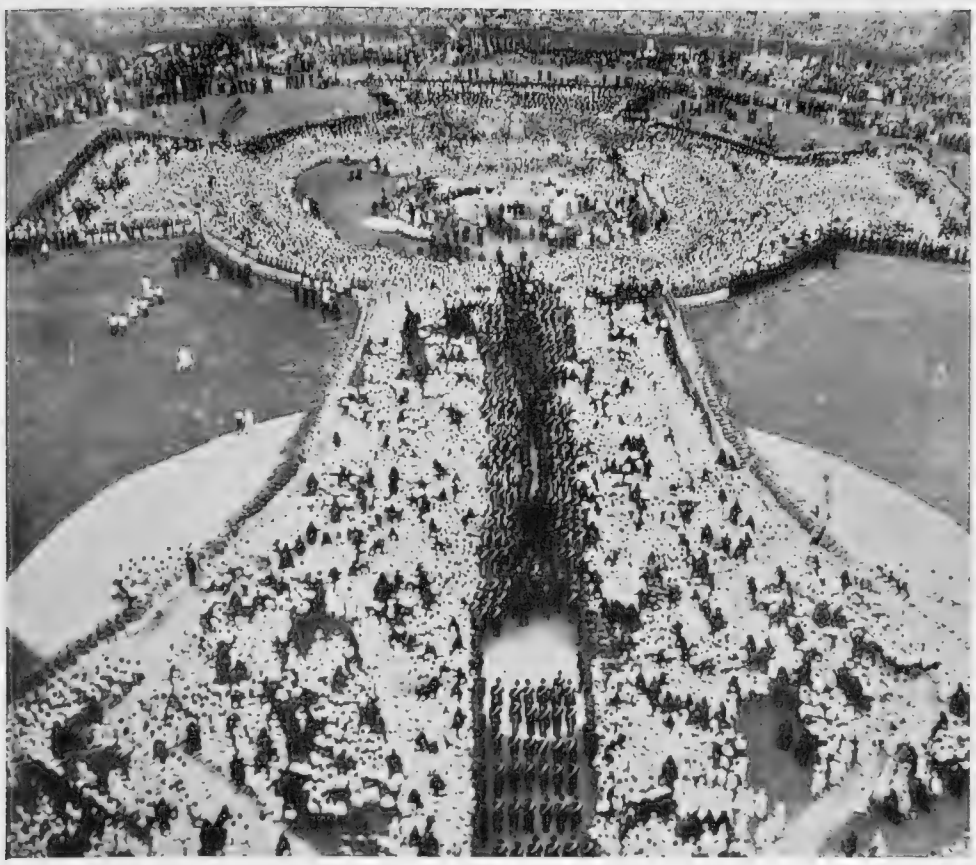
Carving Out an Empire on the African Continent

In the last century Italy lagged far behind in the race for colonial possessions, but to-day, inspired by her Dictator, she is seeking to revive the Imperial glories of the days of Trajan and carve out an Empire for herself on the African continent. Libya, her colony on the shores of the Mediterranean, is hardly a "promised land," however, for there are no rivers in the country and, the rainfall being precarious, a good harvest can only be reckoned upon every four or five years. To make this country habitable, therefore, Signor Mussolini has sent his Fascist militia on ahead and there in the loneliness of the vast plains they are tilling the virgin soil and preparing it for the host of emigrants which Il Duce hopes will one day occupy the territory.

It was only three years ago that the first settlement in Libya was founded by the militia. When they arrived they saw nothing but sand, and on the horizon, only sand; water had to be carried from miles away; they had to bore down 240 ft. before they struck water eventually. Now a few houses have been built and in another two years the settlement ought to have progressed sufficiently to offer a living to a hundred Italian families. But the rifles that the militiamen always carry on their shoulders are not without their significance, for only a few years ago, on this very ground, the Arabs were bitterly opposing the Italian invader.

To-day the Arabs' resistance has been broken, but the atmosphere in Libya is restive. The leaders of these military settlements know only too well, we are assured, that the natives who are now bartering goods with them, have not really grown accustomed to the new conditions, and that one spark would be enough to set ablaze the fire of rebellion. General Attilio Teruzzi, who commands the Camicia Nera, as the Fascist militia are called, drew up this plan for settling Italian Africa with military and, if the experiment is successful, it will serve as a model for the colonising of other territories.

A Sphere Survey



A HUMAN MONSTRANCE: An impressive view of the gathering of 20,000 people at the Eucharistic Congress at Cleveland, Ohio, where the crowd was martialled to represent the vessel in which the Host is exposed. Standing in this formation they listened to a broadcast by the Pope who delivered a message of greeting similar to that which he gave at the Congress in Buenos Aires in 1934

A FRIEND IN NEED: Feeding stray cats which have been turned out of their old haunts by the renovation of ancient buildings near the Forum in Rome. These strays have been proving quite a nuisance and disturbing the sleep of citizens, so the city administration has hit upon the idea of sending some of them to Littoria, the new town in the reclaimed Pontine Marshes, where the settlers have need of domestic pets

AN ORDEAL FOR MEMELLANDERS: Citizens handing in their votes during last week's election held to decide the destiny of this German-Lithuanian city. There was considerable confusion at the polls, and many people had to queue up for as long as ten hours before they could mark their ballot papers. The organisation was so inadequate, in fact, that voting had to be extended for another day. The extraordinary patience and good temper of the crowds were remarkable

THE TIN-OPENER REPLACES THE CORK-SCREW: Sampling the canned beer which is the latest innovation in New York and is proving so popular that one factory is working day and night to meet the tremendous demand. At one period they had orders outstanding for at least 5,000,000 cans

IN TROUBLED HOLLAND: Textile workers reading notices posted by their leaders during the recent strike in the town of Tilburg, North Brabant. Economic conditions in the country are growing increasingly unsatisfactory, and wage-cuts combined with the higher cost of living are making the situation of the middle and labouring classes very serious

BLESSINGS OF THE MONSOON: The Maharajah of Bikanir and his staff crossing a flooded dam by car during a tour of the State after the recent rains, which were unusually heavy and have done much to benefit this parched and waterless district of Rajputana

WHERE THE ORANGE RIVER PLUNGES INTO THE WONDERGAT: Two cataracts of the Aughrabies Falls, near Upington, which are among the highest in the world and during the rainy season present a most impressive spectacle. The Falls, although only just under 500 miles from Cape Town, are seldom visited by tourists. They were discovered in 1778 by Jacob Hendrik Wikar, a certain ex-soldier originally from Gothenburg, who sent an account of them to the Governor of the Cape

THE great Aughrabies Falls on the Orange River have lately been much in the news in South Africa on account of a scheme to bridge one of the side streams on the southern bank, and so to enable visitors to gain access to the Falls during their flood season. Colonel the Hon. Denys Reitz, M.P., now Minister of Lands, is particularly interested in this project which, however, has been shelved for the time being on account of lack of funds.

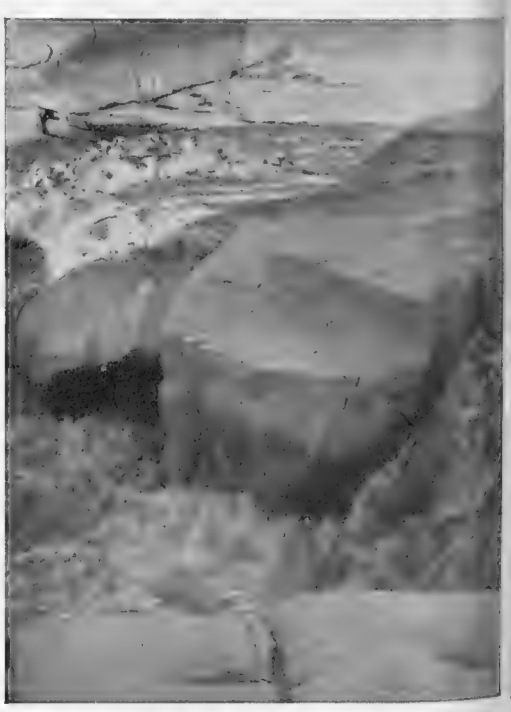
It is not generally realised that with their total drop of 480 ft. the Aughrabies Falls are the highest falls in the world which occur on a major or first-class river, and that this height combined with their enormous flood volume renders them also, at that season, one of the greatest. The total length of the Orange is roughly 1,300 miles, of which it has traversed over 900 at the point where the Falls occur.

THE EASTERN APPROACH: The narrow, steeply-sloping gulley into which the waters of the Orange River are compressed as they near the falls

The bed of the river all the way down from Upington, over eighty miles above the Falls, may be compared to a huge inland delta, varying in width from one to as much as five miles, and strewn with a maze of jungle-clad islands. Opposite Rooipad Farm on the south bank, which is situated some three miles above the Falls and which has long been owned by Mr. Ben Nel and his brothers, who kindly made me their guest during my recent visit to the cataract, the river is four miles wide and is split up into three principal channels; a southern, a central, and a northern. The first, which is almost dry except at flood, contributes but little water to the main fall, but enters the grand canyon at a point below it through two subsidiary canyons which for a considerable distance disappear entirely underground. The central channel, over 300 yards wide and strewn with immense boulders, also carries but a small stream at low water, though it is a raging torrent from bank to bank at high.

As it nears the Falls all its waters are compressed into a narrow steeply-sloping gully, down which they surge to the entrance to the upper canyon which conducts the whole river, except, as has been said, the southern branch, to the crest of the fall. For at this point, also, that is at the entrance to the upper canyon, four further similar gullies bring down the bulk of the waters of the last and northern branch of the river, which carries by far its largest portion. Three of the latter descend at right angles to the one bearing the stream from the central branch, while a fourth gully makes a detour and then, bending around in an opposite direction to the rest of the river, descends also at right angles to the other three and immediately facing the gully from the central branch.

All converge at these opposing angles at the entrance to the upper canyon, where there is consequently a tremendous clash and turmoil of waters. Mr. Bertus Nel, who is the only living man who saw the Falls at the peak of the great 1925 flood, tells me that on that occasion the scene here was quite indescribable, masses, not of spray, but of solid water, being hurled up into the air for fifty and sixty feet and more, as if caused by violent sub-aqueous explosions.



PERCHED ON THE CREST: Where the torrent swirls round an enormous rock which during the flood season is not as a rule visible

The Great Aughrabies Falls

One of the Little-known Wonders of South Africa

By E. C. RASHLEIGH

To view the Falls from the south side at low water is a comparatively easy matter. One has merely to cross the southern branch of the river on to Klass, or Ouklass, Island, along which a high rocky ridge, always above flood water, leads to a point on the edge of the grand canyon a little below the Fall and commanding a good view of it. It is this channel which it is proposed to bridge, though even here any bridge would have to be quite 900 yards in length to be above flood water.

To gain the northern side, however, one has to cross all three branches of the river, and up to the date of my visit I believe I am the only person, with the exception of Mr. Ben Nel, who accompanied me as my guide, to have done so in the immediate vicinity of the Falls. It is an undertaking which I should not recommend to anyone who is not a strong swimmer and well accustomed to battling with rapids. It was the northern channel, of course, which presented the greatest difficulty, for here a strong and deep rapid, some forty to fifty yards across, had to be negotiated. I had almost gained the farther shore, when I was caught by a sudden eddy and swept out into mid-stream again, only about 160 yards above the entrance to one of the gullies I have described. Luckily, after being carried down 100 yards, I managed to get on to a projecting rock in mid-stream and thence got back to the bank

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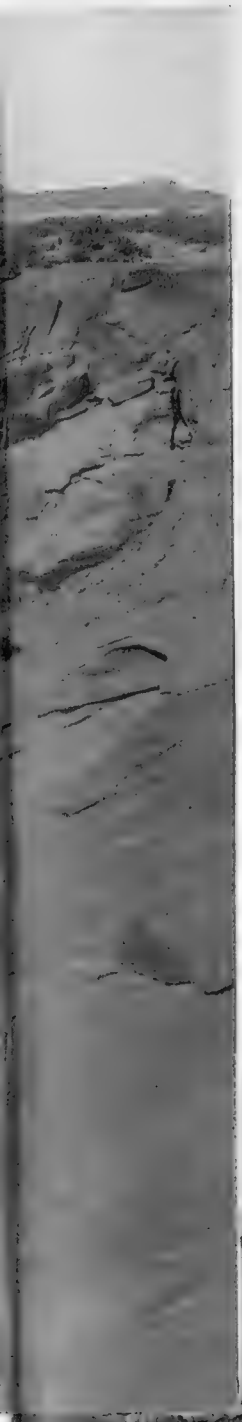
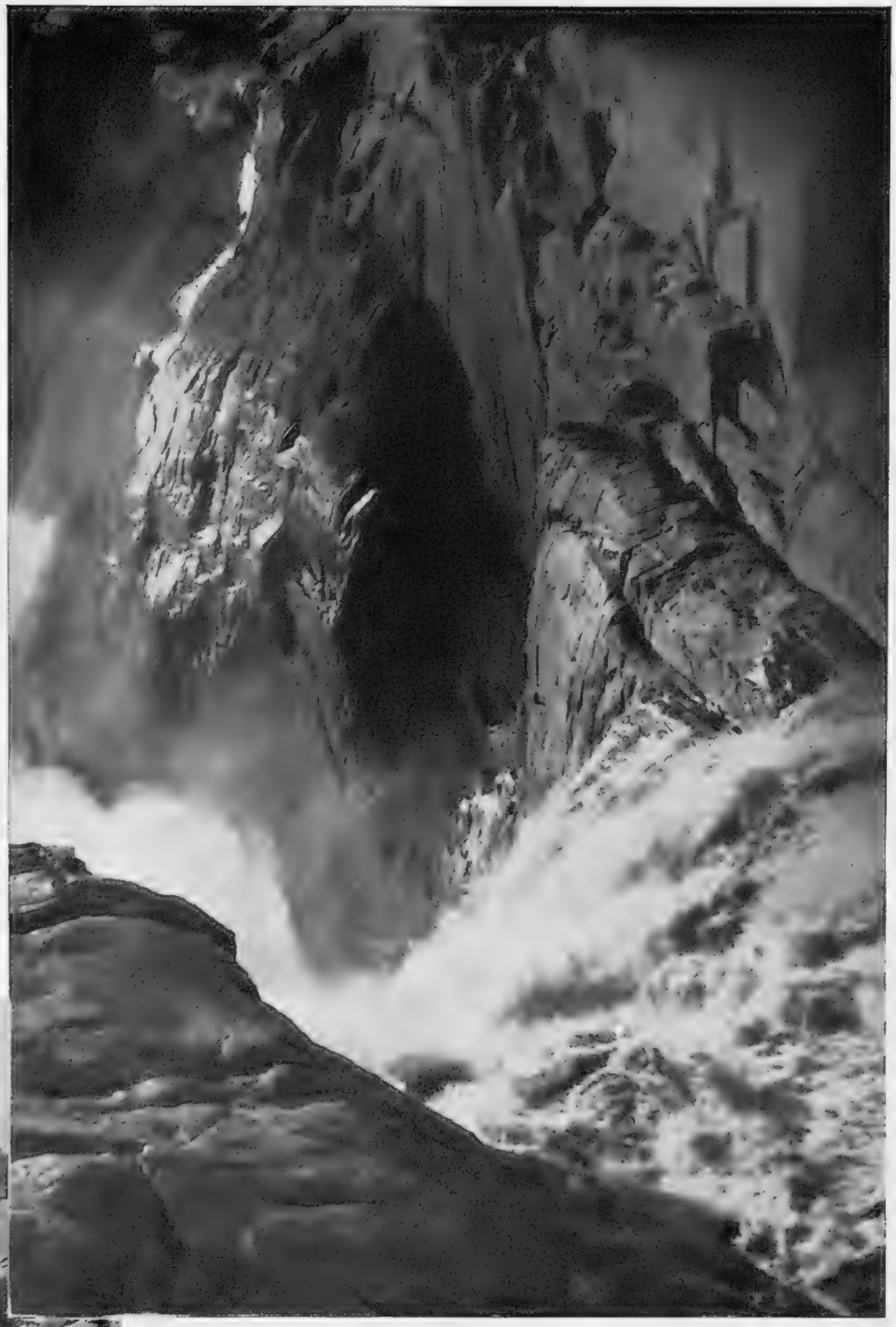
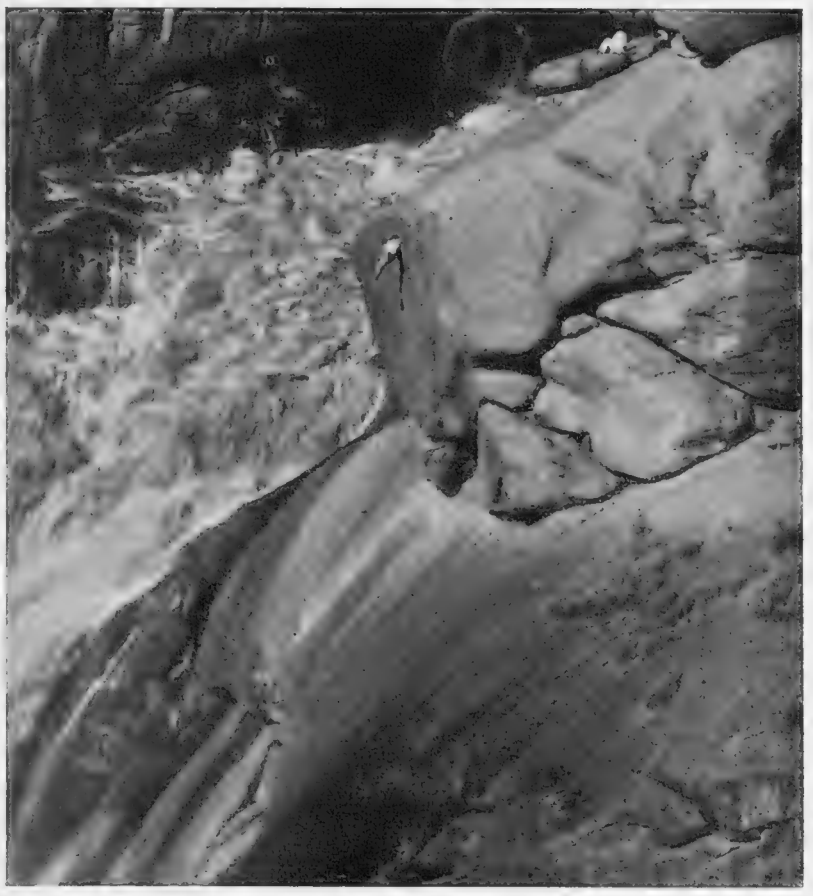




ROARING OVER THE PERPENDICULAR CLIFFS: An awe-inspiring impression of the Orange River taken on the south side of the Falls. In the chasm or Wondergat it is said that diamonds lie by the wagon-load, but they are not likely to be disturbed



THE UNTAMED TORRENT: A view of the largest of the cataracts *(left)*; and *(right)* a close-up showing a photographer perched in a perilous position on an overhanging rock in order to obtain a more advantageous view. From season to season the variation in the flow of the river is enormous; at dead low water it may sink to only 100 cubic feet per second, or even less, while the mean annual flow is about 11,050 cubic feet per second as compared with the 38,430 of the Victoria Falls and the 212,200 of Niagara

Fighting for the Guilder

Holland's Parlous Financial Position with Prices Rocketing and Incomes Dropping

By ROY ELSTON

THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT: A scene at The Hague where a harassed ministry is attempting with little success to solve Holland's pressing financial, agricultural, and commercial problems

IT was bad enough at Hamburg—I was charged 2½ unregistered marks for a shave and a hair-cut, the greater shock because I had just come from Stockholm where the pound is worth 21s., and prices are more or less at their pre-devaluation level; 2½ unregistered marks, 4 kroner, 4 shillings! And worse was to come.

The overcrowded train slithered through heather-dusted moors and silent fir-woods of North Germany into Holland. Mile upon mile of wire fences; square, fat cows in fat, square pastures; white houses with red roofs, and rows of wooden shoes on the doorsteps; gay cottage gardens and the tall black caps of the farmers; foreground of white-washed village and background of grey town pencilled on the horizon, Holland!

I like Holland. I was glad to be back in Holland. Nice, jolly people who make excellent coffee. At Amersfoort there was an hour to wait for the rail connection, and, being hungry, I entered the station restaurant and ordered coffee and fried eggs. Good coffee. Good eggs. And good heavens! A bill for 1 florin 50 cents.—roughly 4 kroner, roughly 4s.! And yet it surprises my Dutch friends to learn that I prefer devaluation to deflation!

Holland is the most expensive country in Europe. And, while prices soar, incomes drop. The consequent hardship is one of the Government's most pressing anxieties which, however, their latest budgetary proposals seem designed to aggravate rather than relieve. It is a sad business. For once, the Dutchman is losing his self-assurance and talking sadly of his own affairs.

The Queen, from her throne in the Hall of Knights, opening the new session of the States-General in The Hague on September 17, struck the sorrowful note which is heard everywhere; "The State and Municipal finances are an ever increasing anxiety . . . Continuous reduction of the public income side by side with an increase in public expenditure . . . Additional taxation is unavoidable if the Government is to continue its social tasks . . ."

Only a year ago the present Minister of Finance told the country that the taxation limit had been reached. Why the change of front? Has it something to do with the Cabinet re-shuffle in July, which followed threats of Catholic withdrawal of support from the Colijn Government? The Protestant Press seems to think so, and snarls twice daily at the Catholic bogy, which, incidentally, represents a very large industrial vote.

The fact remains that money has to be found somewhere for the estimated deficit of 119,156,024 florins—quite a large amount in proportion to a total budgeted income of 601,988,638 florins. And besides, my morning paper just informs me that unemployment is still on the increase—340,635 out of a total population of something over eight millions. Nearly one-third of the total number of registered workpeople, excluding agricultural labourers, are unemployed.

Something has to be done about it, and that something must not touch the Dutch currency. Hands off the guilder! That is the motto of non-industrial Holland. "Devaluation of our currency, or flight from the gold standard, is out of the question as a means to recovery." Thus spake Queen Wilhelmina from her throne in the Hall of Knights.

There remain—coffee and eggs at 4s.; butter at 2s. 6d. the lb. (which is dumped into Great Britain at less than half that price). In short, deflation! Less short, the multiplication of bureaucracy established in that pleasant city, The Hague, for the purpose of complicating the normal laws of supply and demand, by taking agriculture and industry out of the hands of agriculturalists and industrialists, and submitting both to the alchemy of departmental mandarins who buy and sell according to some formula reminiscent of a Monte Carlo "system."

What, meanwhile, is the average, individual Dutchman about? A shrewd fellow, not afraid of work, and capable of frugality though fond of plenty, his attitude to the crisis should be interesting—that is, if the Government leaves him an attitude! Prudence, and faith in his banking institutions, seem to be his guiding principles at the moment. "Our main effort," said a manufacturing friend, "is to hang on to what we've got, or as much of it as we can. It is no time for enterprise. Besides, money is too dear." Banking business in general has declined, deposits have increased. The Postal Cheque and Giro Service, which carries what is practically equivalent to the deposit and current accounts system of the English banks, has shown a profit over 1934 of approximately 4,000,000 florins. It is due to the prudence of clients, not to their enterprise, or to any increase in business.

THE ONLY WAY: A Dutch fisherman, unable on account of the depression to dispose of his catch through the ordinary channels, loads up his bicycle and starts out to hawk his fish from house to house and village to village

The main business street of Amsterdam is the Damrak. We were walking, my manufacturing friend and I, along this street of official and unofficial exchanges; of brokers' offices; money-changers; dark-skinned Polish-Jew currency speculators who always dart out to the kerb when the guilder starts wobbling; of international newspaper kiosks, and an endless stream of polyglot humanity surging between the railway-station at one end, and the Dam at the other.

On one side rose the big, uncouth, red-brick Exchange building, with a group of brokers on the main steps gazing up at the sky to see if it looked like rain, and at the far end, where a black canal runs out through hump-backed bridges to the harbour, knots of peak-capped, tobacco-chewing barge skippers, selling and hiring their craft within the precincts of the shipping mart. We sat at a café opposite the entrance to the Exchange. All about us, filling the place with thick, blue smoke, were builders and manufacturers of building materials, who meet here every Monday to do business. On that day of each week, half the cafés of central Amsterdam are turned into commercial exchanges: this one peculiar to builders, that to dairymen, a third to grain-dealers, and so on.

"Here we settle prices and conclude deals," said my companion. "Such gatherings as this are taking place all over this part of the city. You see, every Monday it is the same meeting-place, so that dealers from all over the country know where to come if they want to study or influence the market—or to have a day out for business' sake! Since the crisis, we come less to buy and sell than to discuss our woes and the chances of securing new Government assistance!"

I asked him how, in face of the crisis, he ran his own business, a very large and important one in North Holland.

"I don't," he replied. "The Government do it for me."

"Of course, but putting jokes, or rather the Government, aside, what measures have you taken, in main outline of course?"

"Reduced wages and personnel. Cut my own expenses by half. And concentrated on keeping in touch with my former overseas buyers, even though I lose on it. We've got to do it—to sell abroad at a loss I mean."

"That's where the Government comes in," I added, "to make good the loss."

"Well, partly. After all, the home market isn't big enough, and the overseas market cannot pay economic prices."

"Ever considered devaluation?"

"Er—excuse me . . ."

Yes, of course I excused him. One does not talk to a Dutchman of devaluation. It is one of the things that are not done any more. It has become a question of prestige. They make poems in the leading newspapers about the integrity and formidable virtue of the guilder. There is a feeling in Holland that an attack on the guilder is an attack on the sacred spirit of the Dutch. They will fight for it, as they fought against Alva of Spain; and the funny thing is that no one really knows why. For my part, and contrary to many opinions outside of Holland as well as in, I refuse to admit that the sacred spirit of the Dutch is bound up with a coin, whatever the coin's quotation! Really, the Dutch are much nicer than that!

They submit, therefore, like good children, to the fidgety intervention of Grandmother Government in all their affairs. The question is, how long can a Government support every agricultural and commercial cripple in the country without ultimately becoming a cripple itself? They have been supporting the farmers for two years. When the crisis became acute the Government established an Agricultural Crisis Board, which gradually took the whole matter of agricultural production into its own hands, told the farmer what to grow and how much to grow, bought the product at prices far above natural market quotations and sold abroad at a loss, in some cases of 100 per cent. This process is called "Keeping the Farmer on his Feet." The home consumer is of course the one who pays.

They did the same for the dairyman.

Now they propose to do something of the kind for manufacturers, for shopkeepers, and for shippers. And the sad thing about it all is that farmer, dairyman, and breeder of pigs persist in getting poorer every day in spite of the Government's expensive spoon-feeding. Because, after all, it is largely a matter of robbing Paul Consumer to pay Peter Producer; and exactly by the amount you rob him of, is Paul Consumer less able to continue his normal purchases from Peter Producer. For example, instead of buying two pounds of good Dutch butter made from the milk of good Dutch cows, and sold at a fantastic price, he buys only one pound of butter, and one pound of the much cheaper margarine, which is made from imported fats!

It is difficult to see light anywhere, except in the indomitable courage and shrewdness of the race. The shipping industry, enormously important in the Dutch economic scheme, is hard put to it to survive, and shipping lines which had become household words, known in all the Seven Seas, are feverishly re-organising in an attempt to keep going. Rotterdam, that gay, garrulous city, more continental in its cheerful atmosphere than any other of Holland's big towns, already looks dowdy under the strain; and its broad, airy Coolsingel, boulevard of kiosks, cafés, and crowded pavements, reflects in thinning crowds, boarded-up windows, and ugly gaps where building activities have been suspended, the stagnation of the port.

So it is with most of the Dutch industries, and the natural consequences are: increasing unemployment, further reductions in wages and salaries and, in view of the steady increase in the cost of living, drastic lowering of the life standard. In spite of it all, trouble between labour and industry has been relatively mild, and except for a big strike now complicating the problems of the Tilburg textile industry, no major conflicts have occurred.

"As long as international factors remain as they are to-day, our people, whether they like it or not, must bear, in increasing degree, a diminution in welfare. This is a hard, unpalatable truth, the consequences of which cannot be avoided merely by ignoring it."

On this sombre note, the Government of the Netherlands has set before its people one of the most unpopular budgets of recent years.

THE DRUMS BEAT AT ADDIS ABABA

And Call the People to Face the Advancing Invaders

THE EMPEROR'S MOUTHPIECES: Drums that called the people to arms after Haile Selassie had decided to issue his general mobilisation order following the invasion of his territory. The news that hostilities had actually begun created consternation throughout the world, and it caused no surprise when General de Bono's troops made for Adowa, for uppermost in the heart of every Italian has been the prospect of avenging the inglorious debacle of 1896, which finally drove the Italians from the Black Empire, and left Menelek II to develop his country in peace. There have been varying estimates regarding the number of men the Emperor is ultimately capable of placing in the field, but the following figures give some idea of the disposition of his forces at the commencement of the war last week: Bale-Ogaden armies, 35,000 men; Harar-Ogaden, 40,000; Boran, 10,000; Arussi, 40,000; Sidamo, 48,000; Walamo, 40,000; Kambata, 30,000; Gurage, 55,000; Jimma, 47,000; Kulo, 35,000; Konso, 20,000; Maji, 43,000; Gole, 35,000; Allegs, 102,000; Gojjam, 55,000; Shoa, 100,000; Ankober, 25,000; Gondar, 60,000; Wolkait, 50,000; Tigré, 50,000; Lasta, 50,000; Koko, 15,000; Tigré-Ankali, 25,000; Yeju-Ankali, 43,000; Dessie, 78,000; and Aussa, 35,000

THE ITALIAN ADVANCE INTO ABYSSINIA:

Drawn by D. Macpherson

THE THEATRE OF WAR FROM THE ITALIAN STANDPOINT: A diagrammatic drawing showing the lie of the land in Eastern Ethiopia and the nature of the country through which the Italians intend to march on their way to Addis Ababa. It was from Assab, in Southern Eritrea, that a move across the Abyssinian frontier was made last week towards the mountain known as Mussa Ali, and at about the same time General de Bono sent his men forward from Asmara to attack Adowa. Shortly afterwards General Graziani was on the march in Italian Somaliland, and his evident intention was to make for Harar, in Ogaden, the second city of the Empire.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE ERITREAN HILLS: The Italian settlement of Assab where there has been intense building activity of late. It is the headquarters of the Askaris, the native soldiers under Italian officers who were among the first to cross into Ethiopian territory. It is a somewhat dreary town, the heat is intense throughout the year, and the harbour is said to be inadequately equipped to deal with the immense quantities of stores and ammunition that are being landed there nearly every day.

"The Sphere's" Special Map of the Scene of Hostilities

FLYING OVER MOGADISHU: Six fighting 'planes arriving in the capital of Italian Somaliland. They follow the coast for the greater part of their journey from Italy. *Left*—Machine-gun sections being given instruction at a camp outside Mogadishu. *On right*—Soldiers at Asmara, Eritrea, parading to receive their orders for the day. Most of them are stripped to the waist on account of the intense heat

THE C.-IN-C.: General de Bono, Commander-in-Chief of the Italian forces, arriving on the parade ground at Gura to inspect cavalry and air force units. Gura, which has been created out of a wilderness in the last six months, is of too recent a growth to be marked on any map but from a military standpoint it is rapidly becoming one of the most important places in Eritrea

THE AERODROME AT GURA: A picture showing camouflaged tents in the background, and in the foreground General Emilio de Bono (*left*) conversing with local officials during a visit of inspection. The Commander-in-chief is 69 years old and has a brilliant record of service. He first took part in colonial warfare in 1887, when as an officer in the Bersaglieri he went out to Eritrea, while later he fought with distinction in the Libyan campaign. In June 1918 he broke the last big Austro-German offensive at Monte Grappa, thus, it is believed, averting a second Caporetto, and in 1922 he joined in the march on Rome

A MILITARY CAMP AT MOGADISHU, CAPITAL OF ITALIAN SOMALILAND: An Askari soldier and his wife and children outside their living quarters. These natives insist on their families accompanying them wherever they go, and when engaged on a campaign the women act as bearers and prepare the meals. The men are skilful fighters and may prove invaluable to the Italian cause

DEFENDERS OF TH D
White-robed warri a
southern frontier f
stationed a force 75.
General Habuta Mule.

A MUSLIM BRIGADE

Tribesmen, equipped with rifles issued to them from the Palace arms depot, lined up for inspection in an Addis Ababa street before entraining for the South

MANY WATERS: Ca follo
river still swe by

PREPARING FOR ZERO HOUR IN ABYSSINIA

Troop Movements in Ogaden and Addis Ababa just before the Outbreak of War

DESOLATE OGADEN PLAINS: at one of their outposts on the of Ethiopia, where the Emperor 75,000 men under the command of le, Governor of the Province of Kullo

LEAVING FOR THE FRONT: Well-mounted and well-armed cavalrymen riding through Addis Ababa on their way to the Province of Tigré, where they were due to join one of the Emperor's northern armies. Some of the members of this force are mere boys of between fourteen and sixteen years of age, but they have undergone an intensive course of training and should prove skilful fighters

followers carrying goods across a by the September rains

A lorry held fast in the bed of a swollen stream when on the way to the Ogaden front with troops and stores

A TRANSPORT PROBLEM

THE WORKING of a MODERN PHOTOGRAPHIC NEWS AGENCY

REVOLUTIONISING ILLUSTRATED JOURNALISM: The pictures on these two pages give an intimate glimpse of the work of a typical photographic news agency, one of the vast organisations that supply daily and weekly journals with their illustrations, and which, as a result of the introduction of the telephoto system, are now able to deliver to their clients within a few minutes or hours pictures from abroad that once took days—and even weeks—on the journey. *Left*—A photographer leaving the Paris office of his firm on the way to an assignment. His equipment includes a camera and developing appliances, while one of his suitcases contains the telephoto apparatus for transmitting pictures by wire. *Centre*—After taking photographs the operator enters the "dark-room" in the rear seat of his car and proceeds to develop the plates. On the shelf in front of him is a special enlarging camera. *Right*—Transmitting the picture from his car to the office via the telephoto set

What Mussolini is Costing Fleet Street

Il Duce's East African Campaign Sends the Overhead Expenses of Daily Newspapers Soaring

By CHARLES GRAVES

EXACTLY how much the Italian–Abyssinian dispute had cost Great Britain up to this morning cannot be accurately gauged. This I do know. It had cost slightly over £3,000,000 a fortnight ago. But don't ask me how I acquired this information.

Again, Mr. Neville Chamberlain, speaking at the Annual Bankers' Dinner eight days ago said, "In looking forward to the second half of the year I am bound to take into account the conditions of foreign affairs." Earlier in his speech he said "I have to set off an increase of expenditure which has already exceeded by nearly £10,000,000 the amount which I allowed for Supplementary in my Budget estimates."

It is possible, however, to make a very fair guess at what Mussolini is costing Fleet Street. Four leading newspapers and the world's leading news agency have supplied me with facts and figures. It would appear that now war has actually commenced the newspaper costs will automatically rocket upwards, taking these five as representative. The cost to Fleet Street—supposing the war lasts till Christmas, will be in the neighbourhood of £150,000 to £250,000. Newspapers, however, are almost the only articles of manufacture, the owners of which do not pass on the increased cost of production to the public. Indeed, since the War, two 2d. newspapers, *The Daily Telegraph* and *The Morning Post*, have come down in price. Yet almost any other class of manufacturer would put up his charges for his merchandise if his overhead increased by something in the neighbourhood of £1,000 a week. Of course, there is bound to be a considerable increase in sale of the newspapers as the result of war news.

But if it comes to that, the cost of a Sunday newspaper producing an extra edition at midday or later on a Sunday—a step which might well be necessitated on several occasions—amounts to a minimum of £625, and if transport problems arise could well run into four figures. You have to sell a lot of newspapers to get that sum back. Evening newspapers will probably be compelled during the campaign to have what are known as "replates" up to eight or nine o'clock at night instead of closing down round about six p.m. A sum of £250 will not be unduly high to pay for this.

Daily newspapers, having staffs which work all night, would be set back a matter of perhaps only £150 if they felt it necessary to have an extra late edition at seven or eight in the morning. It depends, of course, on how many extra copies they decide to print, but that is an average estimate.

All these figures are concerned with the war when it reaches its height. Let us see what it has already cost them. One starts with the cable tolls. These are costing Reuters alone £1,000 a week. This includes the heavy increase in cable and telegraphic expenditure from centres like Geneva, Rome, Malta, Gibraltar, Alexandria, Port Said, Suez, and Aden directly due to the crisis. It also includes cables from correspondents all over the world announcing that H.M.S. *Blank* has just sailed under sealed orders. These messages, however, are not allowed by the Admiralty to appear in print. One must further allow in the case of Reuters about £350 a week for salaries to special correspondents, and a further £200 a week for expenses, including the very important item of payment to local informants.

To this must be added the cost of insurance, kit, travelling, and inoculation.

"Altogether," said Mr. Bernard Rickatson-Hatt, the editor-in-chief of Reuters, "the campaign is costing us anything from £1,200 to £1,750 a week, although this amount is going to be greatly exceeded now the guns have begun to go off." He then showed me a specimen cable from Walter Collins (the brother of Sir Godfrey Collins), Reuters' chief correspondent in Abyssinia. Though it was condensed as far as possible and contained only 135 words, and was nothing very important—just an evening newspaper feature story—it cost £16 6s. 3d. to send. For the lowest press rate from Addis Ababa is 1s. 0½d. a word, while "urgent press rate" is 2s. 9d. a word. Here is the original message from Collins exactly as it arrived. It will show you how an expert condenses his words and saves money for his firm. It is true, though, that I can recall even more condensed messages:

EDIT 226 ADDISABEBA 135 21 1325 COLLECT VIA WLESS

PRESSE URGENT REUTER LONDON.

Herewith sevenings feature stop over fifteen thousand soldiers arrived overnight from Chelia area West Addis stop theyre under command Ras Mulugeta stop wellarmed but not uniformed theyre billeted or tented outside town stop theyre all yokels spending time wandering about Addis thronging shops spending money which given them when they upjoined stop many their wives sisters accompanied them will act as camp followers para Addis daily becoming more more military town reuters course tour capital today counting leastly eight thousand soldiers drilling apart Mulugetas forces and twenty thousand troops belonging Imperial Guard para convoy two hundred new motorlorries half RASC half redcross preceded by two regiments well-mounted cavalry slowly paraded through streets blocking traffic several hours stop twelve hundred boyscouts being trained assist police event airraids while existing policeforce being doubled—COLLINS.

Photographs are another tremendous item in what Mussolini is costing Fleet Street. Naturally these do not affect Reuters, so we turn to the *Daily Sketch* as the leading national picture organisaton. This does not include the cost of the transport of the photographers. Every commercial aeroplane which goes out to Abyssinia for a matter of three months costs £1,500 to hire. To this must be added a demurrage of £100 a week. As soon as war commences a premium of 20 per cent. has to be paid for the aeroplane. The premium on insuring the photographers' lives and health also shoots upwards. Each is insured for £5,000. Their living expenses work out at about £40 a week. I may add that in Abyssinia there are now six portable telephoto machines belonging to English newspapers. Each costs £2,500. At the moment the Italians do not allow English photographers to use aeroplanes in Eritrea. If they do, up goes the cost of another aeroplane or two and the attendant photographers. It appears that despite the presence of the telephoto machines, the art editors in London hope to avoid their use if possible, although it costs only £4 or £5 per photograph telephotoed.

A newspaper like the *News Chronicle* does not have to specialise so much in exclusive photographs. It can afford to share a charter of an aeroplane with two other newspapers that are not actually rivals. Here is the bill of costs as courteously sent to me by Mr. Aylmer Vallance, the Editor:—

	£	
Special correspondent's equipment, travelling expenses to Abyssinia, visas and insurance	400	
Living expenses	75	per month
Cables	100	per week
Reuters' special service	60	per week
Pictures (reproduction fees included in charge for aeroplane). Chartering aeroplane for conveyance of pictures, shared with two other papers. *News Chronicle* share	400	covering a period of three months
Expenses of special correspondents in Geneva and Rome (including 'phone charges)	100	per week

NOTE.—Now that war has broken out other arrangements may have to be made for the transmission of despatches from Abyssinia. This will probably involve the organisation of a team of runners, the cost of which cannot be estimated.

Here is what Mussolini is costing the *Evening Standard* as detailed by Percy Cudlipp, the Editor:—

DEAR CHARLES GRAVES,

Our editorial expenses on the Abyssinia story at present average £200 a week. That includes the salary of Patrick Balfour, our special representative, the expenses of Patrick Balfour, the cost of cabling, the cost of exclusive Abyssinia pictures which we have been buying pretty liberally, and also payment to agencies for special services in connection with the Abyssinia story.

The cable costs, which as I say are included in the above average, naturally vary very much from week to week. Last week, for example, they were as high as £200.

Our expenses will be greatly increased when the war begins. We are then taking additional services from agencies and it is probable that the volume of matter cabled by our own man will be much increased.

It is, of course, impossible for me to give you an estimate of cost after the outbreak of hostilities. I have given you simply the peace-time costs.

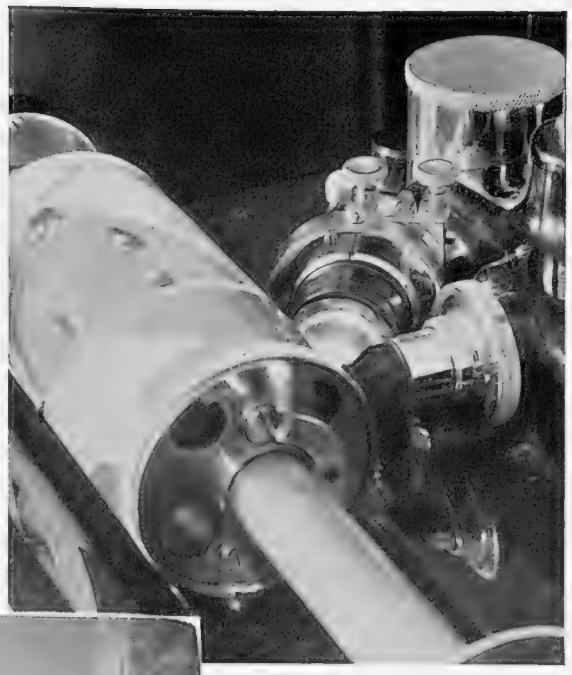
I hope this information will suit your purpose.

Yours sincerely,
PERCY CUDLIPP.

I gather that neither the *News Chronicle* nor the *Evening Standard* has actually received detailed statements of accounts from their correspondents as yet. I turn, therefore, to the *Daily Express*, the foreign editor of which, Mr. Charles Sutton, has just received his first expense account from his special correspondent, O'Dowd Gallagher.

(Continued on p. 74)

SENDING PICTURES FROM THE TERRACE OF A PARIS CAFE: An operator watched by a group of interested spectators as he transmits the prints



TWO KINDS OF TELEPHOTO TRANSMITTER: *Left*—The apparatus carried by a photographer when he goes out on a commission and which he can link up with his office via the public telephone system. *Right*—Sending out a picture to one of the other European capitals from the stationary apparatus in the Paris office. The print could be received in London within twenty minutes and within two to three hours of an event taking place in France the illustration could appear in a London newspaper, the printed result varying in clearness according to circumstance

SLOWER BUT SURER: The telephoto system is as yet only in its infancy, the bulk of the pictures that are taken by an agency being delivered by the photographers on their return to the office. Here plates are seen after developing as they are washed on an inclined sheet of glass

WHILE THE PLATES ARE BEING WASHED on the inclined sheet of glass the order clerk selects the best of them and afterwards remits them to the enlarging department with instructions

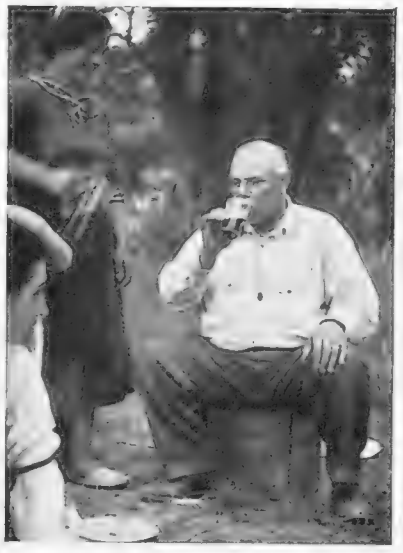
DRYING AND GLAZING: A high-speed operation which is carried out after prints have been obtained and washed for the second time. The electric drum on the right is used for this purpose, and in less than three minutes the prints are ready to be delivered to the caption writer

DESPATCH AND STORAGE: *Above*—One of the assistants is pasting the descriptions on the backs of the prints, while a colleague is at work on the lists bearing the names of clients to whom pictures must be sent. *Right*—A photographic news agency must have a most elaborate filing system, for every picture of any importance has to be stored so that it can be brought out at a moment's notice when an enquiry for it is sent in by the art department of a newspaper. On the deaths of prominent personages illustrations relating to their careers are at once collected, captioned, and circulated, and no time must be lost as competition in the field is very severe

WOMEN AND WINE

THE HARVEST OF THE VINEYARDS: Women of the little Italian village of Palinuro, which lies half-way between Messina and Naples, carrying on their heads 90-lb. jars of locally-made wine, which they take down to the boats waiting on the beach. From there the menfolk transport it to nearby coastal towns, where they offer it for sale at sixpence a pint. The women are paid 2s. 6d. a day

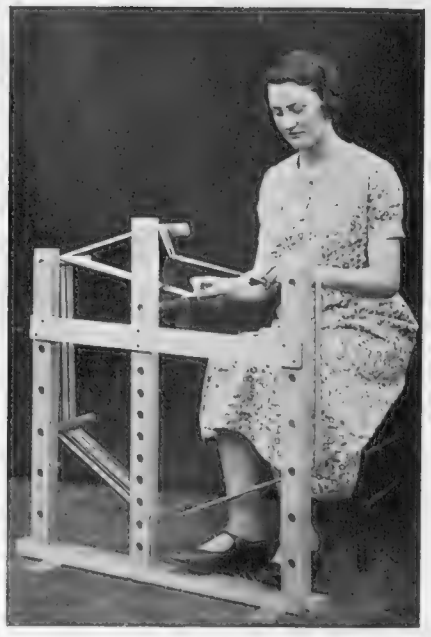
ANTONIETTA AND ROSINELLA: Two beauties of Palinuro whose upstanding figures and magnificent deportment are probably the result of their work as wine-carriers. The girl on the left is only fifteen years old, but, like many youthful Italians, has the appearance of being much more mature and sophisticated



THE EXILE'S RETURN: A signor of Palinuro who lived in America during the prohibition era and has now returned home to retire. He is a great believer in the health-giving properties of the local wine and his daughter always brings him his first glass of the day after breakfast

On left—A TREASURED HEIRLOOM: The daughter of the house wearing a beautifully-worked costume that was made by one of her grandparents

ART OF THE WEAVER



KEEPING ALIVE AN ANCIENT CRAFT: Women handloom weavers at work. *Left*—Using an old Welsh loom at Barry College, Glamorgan, South Wales. *Right*—A more simple type of apparatus which was employed in many parts of Scotland up to the eighteenth century and is still found in remote parts of Scandinavia

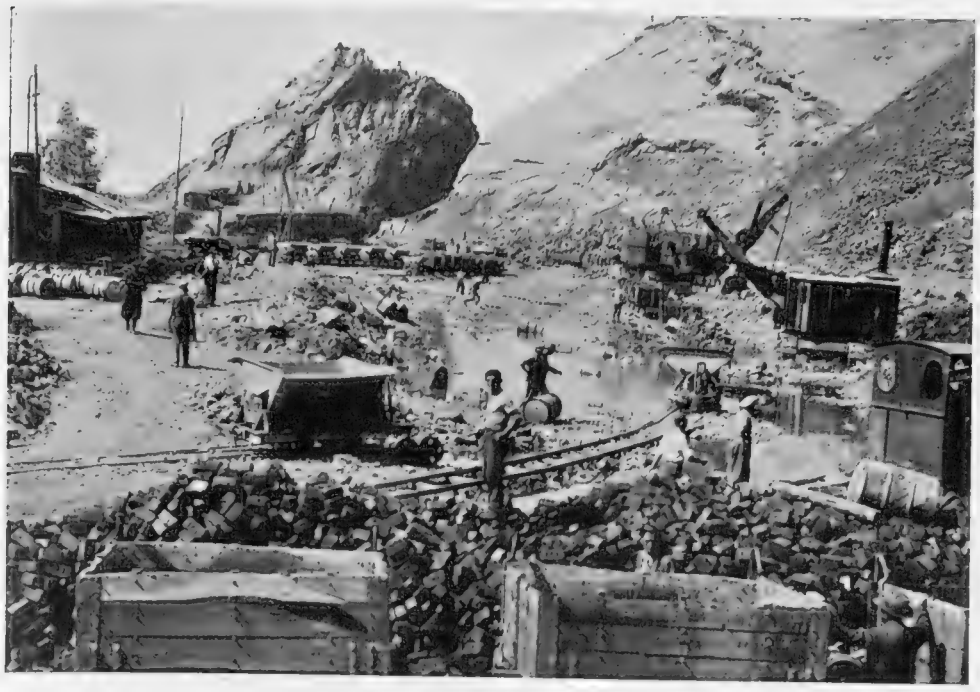
HAND-WOVEN BANNERS IN THE BANQUETING ROOM AT DARTINGTON HALL, TOTNES: These beautiful examples of the weaver's art were made by Elizabeth Peacock on a simple four-treadle flat loom and are now on view at the first exhibition of spinning, weaving, and dyeing which is organised by the Guild of Weavers and is being held at the Whitechapel Art Gallery until Thursday, October 17. The displays include a comprehensive selection of contemporary work of the highest standard, and masters of the craft are in attendance to demonstrate and explain every stage in the making of the raw material into the finished fabric

THE REED: This is used on a hand-loom for spacing each thread as it is entered through the harness

On right—FORERUNNER OF THE JACQUARD: This early draw loom is capable of producing excellent work, and gives to the weaver a free course in creative pattern and design. One of many types of machines on view at the Spinning, Weaving, and Dyeing Exhibition at Whitechapel Art Gallery

MUSSOLINI'S GREAT COMMERCIAL HIGHWAY

And Other Matters of Engineering Interest

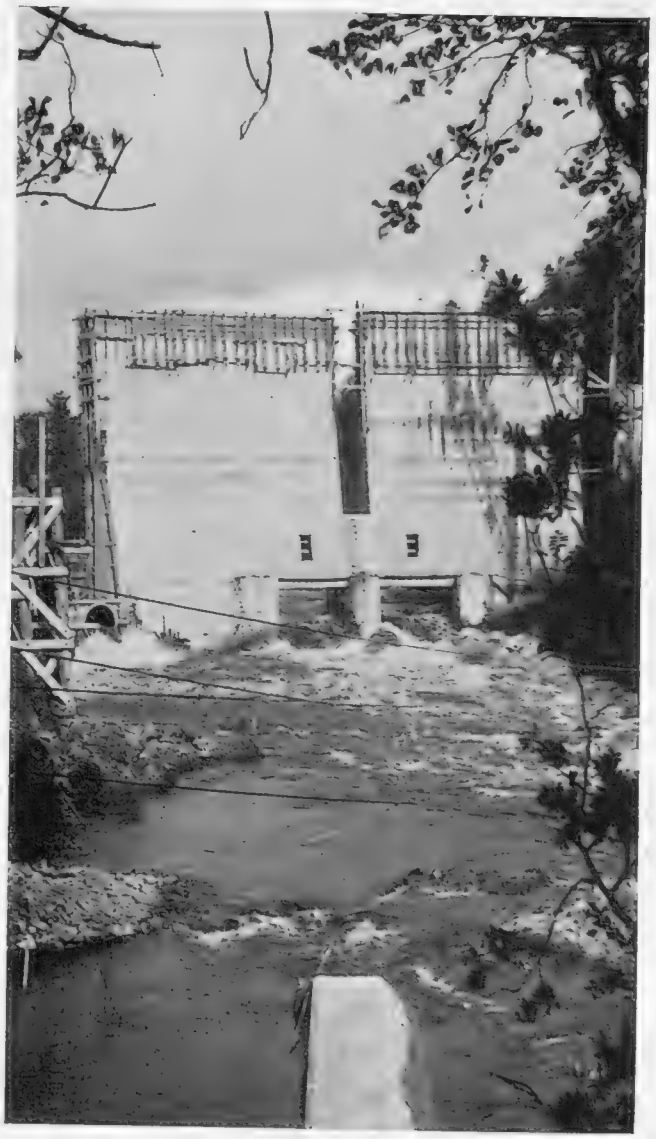


THE DICTATOR AS ROAD-BUILDER: A busy scene during the construction of the new mountain highway, known as the Camionale, which, when opened by Signor Mussolini at the end of this month, will provide a much more efficient link between the busy port of Genoa and the industrial centres of Northern Italy, such as Milan and Turin. The road has been built exclusively for the use of commercial lorries and trailers, and is said to be the first of its kind in the world

A MIGHTY HAND OF STEEL: One of the thirty-four giant mechanical grabs used for transferring rocks and earth to trucks after dynamiting. Another phase of the work on the great Genoa highway, where over nine thousand men have been kept constantly employed on what is regarded as the most ambitious road-building project ever carried to a successful conclusion in Italy

ELIMINATING A DANGER SPOT: Girders placed in position during the construction of a bridge at Stratfield Brake, near Oxford, to carry the main road to the North of England over the G.W.R. line, and thus do away with the level crossing where a number of serious accidents have occurred

ADORNING THE BRIDGE AT SERRAVALLE SCRIVIA: A striking Fascist sign on the structure which carries the Genoa highway over the River Scrivia. The road has taken three years to complete and has involved the dynamiting of tens of thousands of cubic feet of rock, the bridging of gorges, and the construction of vast ramparts as protection against floods



HARNESSING THE WATERS: The River Ken passing through the nearly completed dam at Earlston, Kirkcudbright, which forms part of the new scheme for supplying power to the Galloway district of South-west Scotland and the North of England

THE FINISH OF THE DRIVE: The beaters close in on the line of guns

Back to the Butts

The Present Revival in Interest in Shooting and an Account of Some Exploits of the Past

October is with us and the great country houses will soon be filling up with shooting parties for the all too short season for which the keepers have been making six months' preparation. It promises to be a notable season, for shooting has had a remarkable renaissance in the last year or two. For after the war it seemed that the sport could never be revived again in anything like its former glory. The eras of the Ripons and the Walsinghams were gone. Men could never hope to achieve the success of the first named, probably the greatest shot of all time, who was once timed at Sandringham to kill twenty-eight pheasants in a minute, and who, on several occasions was seen to have three birds dead in the air at once! He was the supreme artist, and when after bringing down a right and left at two magnificent rocketers, he was asked how he did it, he replied, "like this and like that" and pulled down a couple more out of the stratosphere. Lord Ripon killed over half-a-million head of game in his life, and his death was one that any shooting man would wish for. He was out on his own moor at Dallowgill and had been shooting extraordinarily well, and immediately after bringing off a remarkably long shot at a snipe, he fell dead in the heather. That was in 1922.

Next to him is generally placed the late Lord Walsingham, another brilliantly quick game shot. His name will always be connected with the most famous feat in grouse shooting, when in a single day he killed over 1,000 grouse, shooting alone. The story goes that he had asked a Royal personage to be his guest on his moor at Blubberhouses, but the invitation was refused and his lordship thought that the reputation of his moor was held in question. He accordingly determined to see what he could do. He started his first drive at 5.12 a.m. and he went on shooting till 7.30 at night. He shot 1,036 birds, the best stand yielding ninety-three. He fired about 1,500 cartridges. The physical strain alone of this exploit must have been very great.

King George as is well known is in the very front rank. Universal and unbiassed opinion places him beyond doubt in the first dozen. He has a very free style of shooting with a curious little mannerism of dipping his gun after each shot. He still shoots with the hammer guns that Purdey made for him many years ago, and refuses to change to hammerless guns. Lord Ripon also shot with hammer guns till the end of his life. Certainly the King and his loader are remarkably quick, and they have a method of their own when using three guns.

Then there were men like Sir Harry Stonor (the great stylist of the shooting world) the Maharajah Duleep Singh, Mr. H. W. Rimington Wilson of Broomhead and many others.

It seemed, as I have said, impossible that the post-war generation could fill their place, and in a sense their place will never be filled, for certain aspects of shooting, notably the covert shoot, will never be carried on on quite the same scale. But there are many admirable shots to-day—Lord Eldon, Captain Ivan Cobbold, Lord Dunglass, Captain G. F. Johnson, Lord Lewisham, and Sir Ian Walker.

Of the King's sons, the Prince of Wales is a much better shot than is generally believed, and I am told that at Lord Portal's big partridge shoot at Laverstoke a few years ago his shooting was very good indeed. The Duke of York is the best shot of the King's sons, and loses no chance of practising himself, while the Duke of Gloucester is also a useful performer. He is marrying into a great shooting family, and on the Dumfriesshire moors of his future Duchess's father, the Duke of Buccleuch, the third record bag of grouse was made in 1911, when 2,523 grouse were shot, a bag which I believe could have been considerably exceeded had mere records been the object in view. None of the King's sons, of course, has reached his father's high level, but then King George is one of the great shots of all time. And, of course, these all have their specialities; some are better at driven grouse, for instance, than high pheasants.

For of all game birds the red grouse is the most spectacular, partly, perhaps, because he is the only one that we can claim as exclusively our own. And grouse shooting in the popular view is the backbone of all shooting. This is largely due to the fact that the grouse starts the ball rolling, and that on August 12 people do actually shoot grouse. It is an opening day in the real as well as the official sense. There is no general shooting of the partridge on September 1 and nobody shoots pheasants on October 1. But unless one is going to drive grouse in Northern Scotland one, almost invariably, sets to work on "the Twelfth." In Ireland one begins a few days earlier to prevent one's neighbour stealing a march on one! A certain amount of glamour attaches to the fact that grouse shooting is the rich man's holiday, while it certainly takes place under unrivalled scenic conditions.

Yet, though the grouse receives more publicity, the two game birds which form the backbone of shooting are the pheasant and the partridge, and though, in the course of the year, far more pheasants are shot than partridges, yet the partridge is the most popular and the most ubiquitous of all. Many humble sportsmen who have never shot a pheasant look forward to two or three days walking up the coveys in September stubbles. And the same covey driven over an October hedgerow and scattering before the waiting guns like a splutter of shrapnel is just about the most difficult thing in the world to bring to bag. Moreover, except for the importation of Hungarian partridges, started, I believe, by the present Duke of Portland at Welbeck, and the use of the Euston system, the partridge is entirely a natural product. (The "Euston" system, which, incidentally, has never been practised by the keepers of the Dukes of Grafton at Euston, entails removing the eggs from the partridge when she lays them, putting pot eggs in their place, incubating them under a hen, and returning the eggs as they are about to chip.) The ubiquitous partridge offers the only sight of "feather" that many a keen sportsman gets in the year. Indeed, I once was told by a railway porter that he had "a share in a partridge shoot."

Nowadays nobody begins to drive their partridges much before the first week in October, and continues well into November, and many people consider that the driven partridge offers the hardest shooting to be had in these islands. And I believe I am right in saying that if the King were to be asked what bird he prefers to shoot, of all others he would say "driven partridges." Partridge driving, also, has been reduced to a fine art of recent years, but the stocks of partridges have fallen off, despite the fact that our knowledge of the bird and its habits has increased very considerably since the war. The record bag of 1,671 partridges in a day was made on the famous Holkham estate in Norfolk.

But though the bags of partridges have increased enormously from those of 100 years ago the increase in the bags of pheasants passes all belief. The pheasant was introduced into this country by the Romans, but till the beginning of the last century it was looked on as something wild and exotic, and half-a-dozen pheasants in the ordinary bag was a matter for comment. It was not until the invention of the ejector gun, rather more than fifty years ago, that the pheasant began to be reared by hand on a large scale. With the ejector, shooting became much quicker, and, therefore, more targets were required; hence the hand-reared pheasant.

Then came the day of the great covert shoots, and of the great "professional" shots. They were as well known even as the "professional" beauties, and some of them were supposed to be hardly less jealous! They were booked up weeks ahead, and most of the big shoots lasted three or four days. The house parties for covert shooting, which reached their apex of luxury and comfort in the Edwardian times, were a definite feature in the social life of that vanished era.

I always think that the apotheosis of the Edwardian covert shoot was reached at Warter Priory in 1909. Warter Priory was for many years the home of the Wilson family in Yorkshire, and the pheasants were shown there in the most sporting manner possible. Warter is in the Wolds, and many of the coverts are separated by steep valleys, over which the birds rocket almost out of shot. It always used to be said that if the late Lady Nunburnholme, who took a keen interest in the shooting, thought the birds were coming too easily to the guns, she used to move them lower down. Actually, at some stands, it was perfectly possible to put the guns so that half-a-dozen Ripons would have hit nothing. On the second day in the Golden Valley 3,824 pheasants had been killed, which then represented the record bag ever made. On the third day at Highcliff there was a tremendous showing of pheasants, and, suddenly, these all rose almost together and streamed out of the wood. It is believed there was a fox in the wood. It seemed that there could be no more birds left in the world, yet the rise continued for another half-hour. Actually, shooting stopped at lunch time owing to the high wind, and already 3,045 pheasants had been killed.

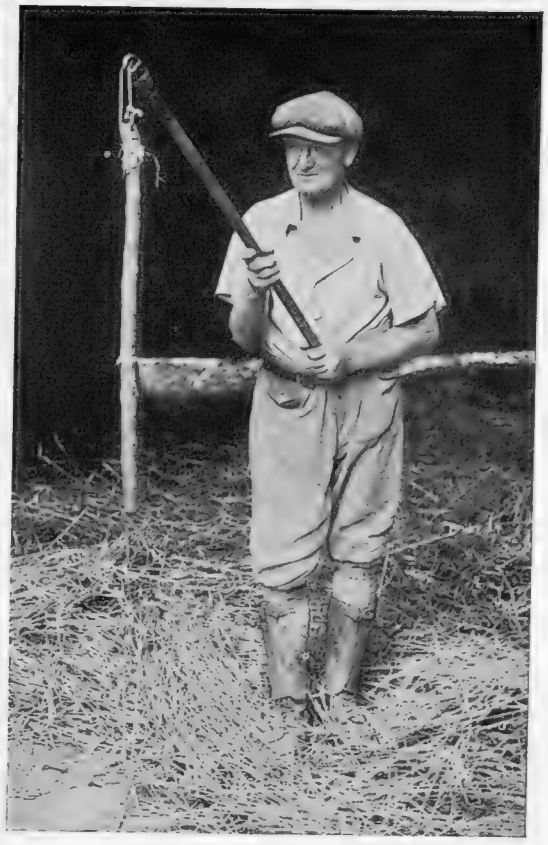
The record bag of pheasants was actually made at Hall Barn in 1913 on Lord Burnham's property. The guns, on that occasion, were the King, the Prince of Wales, Lord Charles Fitzmaurice, Lord Ilchester, Lord Dalhousie, Lord Herbert Vane Tempest, and Sir Harry Stonor. The total bag was 3,937 pheasants.

To-day the fashion is for smaller bags and a greater number of average days, though there are fewer cracks or, perhaps, fewer that one hears about. Yet, with men like Captain Ivan Cobbold or Mr. Ronnie Basset shooting, the standard of British marksmanship is being well maintained.

"Pintail."

UP AND OVER: Partridges passing between the waiting guns at a shoot at Hackwood Park, near Basingstoke

"AND BLITHE AFIELD TO PLOUGHING ALONG THE DEWY LANE": Teams arriving to compete in the Ardleigh and Bromley ploughing matches which were held recently in Essex. These contests always excite tremendous interest in the countryside and do much to promote skilful work among farm labourers



AN EXPERT WITH THE FLAIL: Mr. Jimmy Burrows, who works at Westwood Farm, Westerham, Kent, and must be one of the few remaining men in England who still know how to thresh corn with this instrument. He uses it, however, only when dealing with small crops

In Rural England Now

THE KENT PLOUGH, which is extremely heavy and has to be drawn by four or five horses, is still used to a certain extent, some farmers having a preference for it on account of the fact that it is capable of producing a much deeper furrow than the more modern implement

A PROUD PAIR

Two handsome prizewinners at the Ardleigh and Bromley Ploughing matches

Riding through Griesdale Valley on his way to collect his sheep from Helvellyn for the annual tasks of dipping and shearing

THE LAKELAND SHEPHERD

THE WORLD OF BOOKS:

Cecil Roberts's New Novel in the Romantic Tradition: Bernard Newman's Tale of Espionage with the Versailles Conference as its Setting

Reviewed by
VERNON FANE

I HAVE seen it written, and even heard it said, that anything can be made into a novel. This is a loose contention, but if anyone doubts it they have only to cast an eye along that terribly long row of books which represents but a few weeks' output in the present publishing season. Here they will find almost anything from a day in the life of an American hoodlum to the romantic dallyings of a lovesick visitor to old Japan. There will also be exercises on a psychological plane, several jumps ahead of Professor Freud; and at the other end of the scale, history will repeat itself in modern dress, in modern language, and perhaps in a strange form.

Nothing suffers so much from literary experiment as the novel form; and has it not been hacked, wrought and overwrought into curious shapes in the foundation of various schools? Yet it is pleasant to reflect that neither one nor half-a-dozen schools have deflected the most popular form of the novel; and it is even more pleasant to note that the true novel, i.e., the novel of romance and adventure, still more than holds its own among the best sellers of to-day.

Among the true novelists who are writing now Mr. Cecil Roberts, by virtue of popularity—but not by that alone—more than holds a place. His new book **VOLCANO** (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.) is of the real romantic adventure tradition. The world is not so humdrum after all, and there is a credible reality about the English yacht which is anchored in the midst of a group of volcanic Aegean islands, and the people on board that ship are as real as the scene they survey.

Nor is it incredible that their ways should cross that of an absconding financier, hiding with his daughter upon one of these seemingly uninhabited islets. And then there is the young archæologist, the egregious Mr. Plimp, a kind of busybody to be found in so many hotels abroad; and when that irrepressible septuagenarian Mrs. Silving and "my friend Mrs. Cressington" sweep into the tale we know that we are in full swing for some grand entertainment.

Mr. Cecil Roberts is an old hand at this type of story, and the secret of his popularity is surely that he invests each successive one with freshness and originality. In *Volcano*, for instance, the eruption seriously disturbs the lives of some of the best of his characters, but the disturbance is handled with a grand suspense, and the climax is something which brings the reader satisfied to the best possible ending.

In **SECRET SERVANT** (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.) Mr. Bernard Newman supplements his story-telling gifts with an undeniable inside knowledge of espionage in action. The scene is the Peace Conference; the excitement centres upon the actual draft of the Treaty of Versailles. Real people—Lloyd George, Clemenceau, and the rest—play their parts in Mr. Newman's story. Strictly fiction, declares the publisher, otherwise the Official Secrets Act. . . .

We need not inquire too closely where truth embroiders fiction in this tale of plot and counter-plot, secret meetings, double identities, and attempted political assassination. Spies will be spies; and the author, besides knowing what he is writing about, also knows how to write it with the correct ingredients of atmosphere and suspense, while his characters are as alive and vivid as their adventures.

A PROMISING YOUNG IRISH NOVELIST: Romilly Cavan whose book, *Tomorrow is Also a Day*, was published this week by J. M. Dent. Her first story, *Heron*, which she wrote before she was twenty-one, had quite a favourable reception when it was issued last year

In the classic phrase of the school primer, the French are a nation "fond of light wines and dancing." By the same standards Germans are often credited with a quality known as Teutonic thoroughness, and are frequently accused of being "heavy."

I must confess that I know of one or two German writers who would fit into the last class without further comment, but there are exceptions, and Mr. Sholem Asch is one of these. His latest novel, the first since *Three Cities*, is **MOTTKE THE THIEF** (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.), and if anything had been needed to confirm his establishment as a fine novelist this strong, sensitive character sketch would have been sufficient.

With clarity and an economy of words Mr. Sholem Asch draws the portrait of a boy who earned his grim nickname when he could scarcely walk, by his cunning at stealing scraps, often of scarcely edible food with which to keep himself alive. Mottke was born in a cellar, which he and his family shared with two or three other strays, and where he would have starved but for the few frozen and putrid apples which he learnt to steal from a neighbour's store.

Injustice and cruelty and hunger were the three familiar companions of his childhood, yet his fresh, unprecocious spirit was miraculously preserved through these ordeals. Mottke was physically brave, and spiritually free, with a strange innocence that no amount of hardship could sully, and the tragedy that overtook him was as unexpected and pitiably undeserved as a child's little tragedy, which is trivial and yet fills their whole world.

I have read, too, this week, a novel which seems to me to have been written with the same kind of unsentimental understanding as Mr. Asch's book. That is a first novel by Miss Margaret Lane, **FAITH, HOPE, NO CHARITY** (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.), in which the lives of two girls are examined with the steely "cruel-to-be-kind" precision of a good surgeon.

There is, though, and how I welcome this omission, none of the hysteria of over-analysis which often distinguishes young novelists. Here are two life stories, with all the dignity that sincerity and simplicity of style can give them; Charlotte, the intelligent, ambitious, and fairly successful dancer, and Ada, the little maid. In their emotional lives there is a parallel. Both find brief happiness, and then, through a death or through disillusionment, face a long, hopeless and exhausted aftermath, but the author's restraint and her subtle use of understatement remove the story from the commonplace.

It is as if, in drawing these characters, a scrupulous fairness had been used. They are human beings but they are never, I mean this in a purely literary sense, pandered to. There are no big scenes in this story, and the most moving moments, young Arthur's death, and Charlotte's humiliation, are quietly treated.

Books, like houses or people or towns, have their own atmosphere, that is indescribable, and sometimes as with this book, inimitable. It is a touching book, as close to one as a personal experience.

Mr. Jack Lindsay has his own terrain among the historical novelists, and there is at present no one to challenge him in his stories of life in the Roman Empire. Far from being pedantic reproductions of a dead world, his are genuinely exciting stories with all the movement and vigour of a modern adventure story.

DESPOILING VENUS (Ivor Nicholson and Watson. 7s. 6d.) is Mr. Lindsay's latest venture into Roman days, and tells the story of Marcus Caelius Rufus and his rich mistress Clodia, whose beautiful villa at Baiae was the scene of many of those banquets which have been recorded by a more Puritan age as orgies.

Caelius was poor and Clodia was rich; Caelius even owed money to his beautiful friend, and there was the crux of a situation which might, *n'exagérons rien*, easily have had its being in this twentieth century of ours. The author's excellent sense of period customs and of environment only serve as a frame for a drama which might be familiar to any of us.

If I had a fault for which to reproach Mr. Lindsay it would be his over-emphatic use of (probably authentic) Roman colloquialisms. "For Venus' sake" may be authentic, but it jars a little on our carefully careless ears.

Innocence, "the quality of being morally free from sin," the blamelessness of a child's mind in an adult person, has always been a great inspiration to the novelist's art. Miss Margaret Kennedy—more perhaps than any recent novelist—has felt the dramatic possibilities of it, and many others have followed, more or less successfully, in her path.

PORTRAIT IN PASTEL (John Murray. 7s. 6d.) is a novel in this tradition by Miss Marjorie Booth, who, for a young writer, has an unusual feeling for that elusive quality which may as easily be a prerogative of youth as age.

The story of Christina, who found herself an orphan at eighteen, has the true, unmelodramatic touch of pathos.

"Now, suddenly, she stood and looked at the hat as, in the bathroom, she had looked at her father's sponge and towel. Finding themselves without an owner, these things seemed to have detached themselves from their surroundings to make some mute appeal. They appeared stranded in space derelict, as forlorn as the things of the tide thrown up . . . upon the beach. And that was how she felt."

Here again, understatement is a grace, and a welcome one, for the very poignancy of emotion that it suggests.

A ROMANCE OF CANADIAN PIONEERING: F. V. Morley whose new novel, *War Paint*, which is to be reviewed in next week's "Sphere," tells the story of the hazards of the fur trade in the early days in British Columbia. The author, who is a brother of Christopher Morley, is a director of the publishing house of Faber and Faber

Scottish patriots are second only to the Irish in the intensity of their historical memories. I once entered into an amicable discussion of Anglo-Irish relations with an Irish fellow-passenger in a railway compartment. The argument continued with increasing bitterness on his part until, thrusting his face to within inches of mine, he climaxed his speech by hissing with triumphant ferocity, "And what about the Treaty of Limerick?"

In **THE LION AND THE UNICORN** (Routledge 5s.), Mr. Eric Linklater traces a long trail of Scottish misery from the first invasion of Edward I.

"When Alexander died Scotland was a land at peace, a land of busy and various interests, happy in its prosperity, and eager for culture. When Edward died it was poor and bloody and desperate, a land with one determination, to live in despite of England, and with one luxury, hatred of England. . . . *Eduardus primus Scottorum malleus hic est.*"

This trail Mr. Linklater follows with considerable success and it does not always present happy reading for an Englishman, though unfailingly interesting, as is his solution to the present day problems of Scotland.

"The remedy obviously is to abolish the necessity of standardisation; that is reduce the size, and therefore the complications of the modern State. Simplify the State and your citizens will have a chance to become exquisitely subtle, variable, and rife."

Therefore Home Rule for Scotland—it sounds grand, but then so do Communism, Fascism, Social Credit, nudism, vegetarianism, and all the rest, on occasion.

A BOOK LIST

JARROLDS.—ADMIRAL TOGO: The Authorised Life of Admiral of the Fleet, Marquis Heihachiro Togo, O.M. By R. V. C. Bodley. Illustrated. 18s. RICH & COWAN.—DARDANELLES DILEMMA. The Story of the Naval Operations. By E. Keble Chatterton. Illustrated. 21s. JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD.—BROADCASTING AND A CHANGING CIVILISATION. By Ernest H. Robinson. 3s. 6d. THE ART OF HAPPINESS. By John Cowper Powys. 6s. JOHN MURRAY.—BLAST AND COUNTERBLAST: A Naval Impression of the War. By Vice-Admiral C. V. Usborne. 10s. 6d. GALILEE GALLOPER. By Douglas V. Duff. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. WE SAY "NO": THE PLAIN MAN'S GUIDE TO PACIFISM. By H. R. L. Sheppard. 3s. 6d. IN LIGHTEST AFRICA. By H. T. Kenny. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. THIS OUR COUNTRY: AN IMPRESSION AFTER FOURTEEN YEARS ABROAD. By Rawdon Hoare. 8s. 6d. NANGA PARBAT ADVENTURE: A HIMALAYAN EXPEDITION TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF FRITZ BECHTOLD By H. E. G. Tyndale. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. SPANISH MAINE. By P. C. Wren. 7s. 6d. DOWN THE SKY. By Margaret D'Arcy. 7s. 6d. IVOR NICHOLSON & WATSON.—CAPTAIN VIAUD AND MADAME LA COUTURE: Their True and Surprising Adventure, Shipwreck, and Distresses. A narrative mainly transcribed from the letters of Captain Viaud. By Thomas Washington Metcalfe. 7s. 6d. LORD BAYSWATER DOES HIS BEST. By George C. Foster. 7s. 6d. THE NEW TESTAMENT IDEA OF REVELATION By Ernest Findlay Scott. 6s. I WALKED BY NIGHT: BEING THE LIFE AND HISTORY OF THE KING OF THE NORFOLK POACHERS. Written by Himself. Edited by Lilais Rider Haggard. Illustrated by Edward Seago. 15s. DESPOILING VENUS. By Jack Lindsay. 7s. 6d. HEINEMANN.—RHÉA. By H. S. Hoff. 7s. 6d. FAITH, HOPE, NO CHARITY. By Margaret Lane. 7s. 6d. DEATH BLEW OUT THE MATCH. By Kathleen Moore Knight. 7s. 6d. HERE LIES A MOST BEAUTIFUL LADY. By Richard Blaker. 7s. 6d. UP IN THE HILLS. By Lord Dunsany. 7s. 6d. HAMISH HAMILTON.—BROKEN JOURNEY. By Louisa Wilson. 7s. 6d.

LONDON ART EXHIBITIONS

Drawings of the French School and Equine Studies

"THE BIRD CATCHERS": This pleasing example of the art of Hubert Robert, a prolific Parisian painter of the eighteenth century, is one of the many drawings of the French school collected during the past thirty years by M. Albert Meyer, of Paris, and now on exhibition at the Robert Frank Galleries in Bruton Street.. Robert had a most spectacular career, and his many adventures in Italy did much to keep his name before the public during his lifetime

PORTRAIT OF MADAME LEDUC: This drawing, which is also included in the exhibition of French masters at the Robert Frank Galleries, is one of the earliest works of Julien L. Boilly, having been made when he was only eighteen years old and was still a pupil of the École des Beaux Arts. He was born in 1796 and died in 1874

Robert Frank Galleries Exhibition

RUINES ROMAINES AU BORD DE L'EAU": Another sketch by Hubert Robert showing the Pantheon of Agrippa or Church of Santa Maria. It was the ancient glories of Rome that first attracted the artist to the city, and although he went there without any prospects or promises of commissions, it was not long before he acquired an outstanding reputation

Robert Frank Galleries Exhibition

A DISCIPLE OF THE CLASSICAL SCHOOL: "Lord Douglas," by Jean Auguste Ingres (1780–1867), an artist renowned for his unimpeachable draughtsmanship, but whose use of colour has frequently been the subject of criticism. He received his first training in the studio of Jacques David, for whose lofty standard, academic perfection, and severe principles he always retained a profound admiration

"THE OLD TREE"

Two powerful compositions at the exhibition by Anton Lock at the Leger Galleries, Old Bond Street, of his recent paintings and drawings of horses

"AS THE DAY PASSES"

FROM BRITISH, AMERICAN, AND AUSTRIAN STUDIOS

Five Notable New Films

A NON-ARYAN SUCCESS: Kaethe von Nagy (the Hungarian star who made such a name for herself in Germany but was forced to leave with the advent of the Nazi regime) as she appears in the title role of the Viennese production *The Pompadour*. During the last two years historical pictures have been extremely popular in Austria and the studios are now concentrating on this type of entertainment

JESSIE MATTHEWS who co-stars with her husband, Sonnie Hale, in the Gaumont-British musical show, *First a Girl*, which has just been completed at the Shepherd's Bush studios. The producer is Victor Saville who was also responsible for Miss Matthews' last big success, *Evergreen*

YOUTHFUL STARS OF "SINGING YOUTH": Martin Lodja and Julia Janssen in a moving episode from their latest picture which has recently been completed in one of the Vienna studios. The film may shortly be seen in the West End

A DRAMATIC ROLE: Paul Muni, star of *I am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang*, as a Slav miner in his picture *Black Fury* which depicts life in a Pennsylvania coal mine. It began its run at the Regal, on Friday of last week

On left—A POPULAR FAVOURITE OF THE SILENT DAYS RETURNS TO THE SCREEN: Pola Negri in *Mazurka*, the German film in which she is making a come-back. She takes the part of a jealous mother who shoots the man she loves because he pays attention to her daughter

PLAYS, OPERA, and BALLET

Wit and Bawdiness in "The Soldier's Fortune," a Specimen of Restoration Drama : Bobby Howes' Latest Success : The Covent Garden Season in Retrospect

By PHILIP PAGE

ROBUST FARE AT THE AMBASSADORS: Courtine (Anthony Quayle) turns up drunk to his tryst and so Sylvia (Lesley Wareing) and the maid (Joan Miller) bind him with ropes. A scene from Thomas Otway's comedy, *The Soldier's Fortune*, which has been revived with great success by Sydney Carroll. When the play was first presented in 1681 it was widely acclaimed in spite of the fact that its coarseness exceeded that of the most dissolute productions of the day. Thomas Otway's best known work is the tragedy *Venice Preserved* in which he shows himself a master of pathos and passion

MAKE no bones about it—Thomas Otway's *The Soldier's Fortune*, at the Ambassadors Theatre, is the bawdiest play in London. I would not be allowed to tell you here certain details of its plot, nor the vagaries of one of the chief characters, played amusingly and with consummate tact by Mr. Roy Byford who has in this one of the most difficult jobs of his long stage career, and the most successful.

That anything is considered at any rate decent enough for public performance, without action on the part of the Censor, if it was written a couple of centuries or so ago is one of those strange anomalies that beset the British drama. The position is a ludicrous one. But in view of other censorial activities I would not have it otherwise, for it is better to have too little censorship than too much.

It is the hypocrisy of the general attitude towards Restoration comedy that I find far more revolting than the comedies themselves, of which *The Soldier's Fortune* is a typically filthy, as well as a typically witty, specimen. It is precisely that of those defenders of fox-hunting who say that it is good for horse-breeding, that the foxes must be kept down for the sake of the farmers, that fine old English traditions must be kept up, that saddlers, corn merchants, blacksmiths, etc., must live, that there is nothing cruel about hunting whatever, that, in fact, the fox likes being hunted and thinks it immense fun to be dug out when he has gone to earth. And so on to the crack o' doom.

What I can understand and, in a degree, sympathise with, is the argument of the man who says, "Of course hunting is damnably cruel, but I like it, and as long as I can hunt, hunt I shall, and to hell with humanitarian meddlers!" Similarly, I can shake by the hand the person who says, "Of course Restoration comedy is filthy, but I like it, and that's that."

Although, therefore, I am grateful to Mr. Sydney Carroll for having produced this diverting little comedy, which I would not have missed for worlds, I am not so much impressed by his programme note which is, in effect, a defence of his action in producing it, as well as an attempt to prove that it is not really so very bawdy after all.

Of course, *The Soldier's Fortune* has other qualities than its bawdiness; if it were not so it would be intolerable. It is full of the most elegant, impudent, and wholly satisfying wit. The amorous intrigues involving the cuckolding of an elderly husband, and the sub-plot, are alike brilliantly handled. Not for a moment do we cease to be entertained. There is far more cause, for all the play's dirt, for hearty, healthy laughter than for unhealthy sniggering, though at the first performance there was some of both.

Such a play needs to be carefully acted. Mr. Baliol Holloway showed plenty of spirit as a swaggering, love-making young officer, even if his appearance has a certain austerity hardly suitable for such a role. Mr. Byford is, as I have said, in every sense of the word immense. No one can speak amusing lines of a vanished age with such poise and point as Miss Athene Seyler. Mr. Huntley Wright must have found Otway a longish step from Daly's musical comedy, but was excellent as the deceived husband. Miss Lesley Wareing pouted prettily and showed a nice sense of comedy.

I am reprobate enough to be looking forward to a second visit.

"Please Teacher!"—*Please Teacher* is the sort of entertainment which makes one realise how much more grown-up England must have been in the seventeenth century than it is in the twentieth. Not that we do not have our sophisticated plays to-day. But in any other age I doubt whether a play as ingenuous as this would have been produced anywhere.

As an entertainment of its type it fulfils all requirements. It is well up to Hippodrome standard; indeed, it is many grades above the play which preceded it there.

A TALENTED TRIO: The leader of the Chinese bandits (Carl Bernard) threatens torture to his two captives (Bobby Howes and Sepha Treble). An episode from *Please Teacher!* the new musical comedy at the Hippodrome

It is beautifully produced, contains heaps of innocent fun, and should be rewarded by the long, long run I sincerely hope it will achieve.

The plot is not important; the prevailing fashion is followed of an invasion by a comedian of a girls' school, with comic mistresses—by which I mean, of course, school-mistresses. Nothing could be more chaste than the procedure followed. The invader being Mr. Bobby Howes, everyone'ssympathy is with him. Mr. Howes is indefatigable in his merry fooling, and with every play in which he appears he grows more and more funny. And—I mean this in the most complimentary sense—he is growing at last less lovable. One wants to laugh at comedians, not love them. To mere physical humour—the inevitable but welcome dance between Mr. Howes, who is very small, and Miss Vera Pearce, who is very large, he can always add a new twist. Miss Pearce, by the way, can do much more than merely throw her weight about and act as an amiable buffer for Mr. Howes to cannon off at times. She has both subtlety and charm.

I liked Miss Sepha Treble, a nice little thing with plenty of talent, I liked that mirthfully melancholy musician, Mr. Wylie Watson, and I liked that chorus of schoolgirls. I also liked the music of Mr. Jack Waller and Mr. Tunbridge, and I liked them still more for their honesty, when they borrowed from the great composers, in putting the names of those composers on the programme and acknowledging their indebtedness. I can think of so many musical comedies where this should have been done but was not. Perhaps the excuse would have been that there was no room on the programme for the names of the composers of the past who had, willy-nilly, made a present of their music.

"The Jooss Ballet."—Quite a niche of their own is occupied by the *Jooss Ballet*, who are now at the Gaiety. They keep within terpsichorean conventions, but go outside them in choice of subjects.

I do not think they are always happy in dealing with political and economic matters, which are not the province of ballet, however topical they may be. Their best effort in this line is "The Green Table," an old favourite, which, with strange appropriateness, they performed on the very night when the air was full of rather more than rumours of war. This is a splendidly evolved satire, uneven, particularly in the middle section, but stimulating throughout. Elsa Kahl is a superb dancer and she has some worthy colleagues. For sheer beauty I would recommend "A Ball in Old Vienna."

Opera.—The short opera season at Covent Garden is a thing of the past, and the company are now in the provinces, which is a fortunate thing for the provinces. The season had many memorable features, chief among them the first production of Delius' opera, *Koanga*.

With this I dealt in detail last week. Its shortcomings are almost all in the libretto; a second and third visit confirmed my impression that this is one of the most exquisitely tender things in all music. The third performance—which I

(Continued on p. 76)

"LOOKING THROUGH THE WINDOW": One of many entertaining items in the Hippodrome show, *Please Teacher!* The dancers are Virginia Martin and Bob Robinson

CLASSIC COIFFURES FOR THE LITTLE SEASON

Your Head Should be as Statuesque as Your Draperies

EVERYWHERE one goes one sees them—the beautiful draped dresses that became an instantaneous success the moment they were shown in Paris and in London. And always the women who wear them look their loveliest.

The dress photographed on this page provides the answer to the contention that it is impossible to get a good but inexpensive draped frock, for it costs only 6½ guineas at Marshall and Snelgrove, of Oxford Street, London, W. Graceful in movement and beautiful in repose, it is made in royal blue georgette (or in wine or black) and the loose scarves are threaded through two rings behind the shoulders.

One thing that is shown very clearly is the absolute necessity of not-too-simple coiffures with such dresses. Crowned with curls one carries one's head proudly. The eye travels easily from glistening hair to sandalled feet. The two modes sketched here have been created by Emile, of 24, Conduit Street, W. In the first the hair is swept back at the sides and curled right across the top of the head, while the second shows a very flat movement at one side with the ends curled under in smooth ringlets at the back and across the crown.

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RIVIERA PANORAMA

The Lure of the Mediterranean

THERE is not so very much difference in the South of France between the end of the summer season and the beginning of the winter one. Shortly after the last summer visitor has made his way reluctantly to the station, the first of the winter contingent steps gaily off a southbound train. In as far as the Riviera can be said to have an "off season" at all, it is having it now. The Summer Sporting Club at Monte Carlo has closed its doors after the last gala, and its winter counterpart will not be open until November. But those who remain faithful to the charm of the Riviera all the year round (not quite so large a band as in the old days when England was on the gold standard, yet still considerable; the cost of living has not proved so very alarming in the long run) are far from being dismayed by these signs. They know that October is a delightful month; that November and December, despite dark evenings and occasional cold winds and storms, bring also the reward of long stretches of sunny days; that January sees anemones and the first of the mimosa in bloom, and that February and March usher in all the other manifold delights of a southern spring.

L'HEURE D'APÉRITIF: The promenade at fashionable Menton

It comes as a surprise when one first discovers that the distance from Cannes to Menton is only thirty miles as the crow flies. Within this narrow span lie Juan les Pins, Antibes, Nice, Cap Ferrat, Beaulieu, Cap d'Ail, Monte Carlo, and a host of small, picturesque villages which contribute a curious ingredient of simplicity to this the most sophisticated coastline in the world.

Yet little more than a hundred years ago it was all equally quiet and simple. The sound of the roulette wheel had not yet been heard in Monte Carlo; the "Anglais" had not yet worn the seafront at Nice into a "Promenade." It was actually a century ago last year that Lord Brougham, the famous Lord Chancellor of Regency days, discovered Cannes, which then consisted of little more than a single street and a few scattered groups of houses where he was able to survey a virgin landscape, hesitating as to whether he should build the villa he had set his heart on just here, or whether he should build it just there. One now finds so many hotels and villas and gardens cultivated to the final point of perfection, that it is hard to imagine it otherwise.

And yet the Riviera is still growing! Menton, for instance, which for many years lagged behind its neighbours Cannes and Monte Carlo and Nice in the race for fame, has lately added to its amenities a very elegant casino, complete with a fine ballroom and a "kiosque de musique." Menton is a charming, flowery place; there seems to be a greater profusion of flowers just there than anywhere else along the coast except perhaps at Beaulieu (where the Duke of Connaught had his villa), which makes rather a speciality of bougainvillia. It is also a good place for a prolonged stay, because it is peaceful in itself and at the same time within easy reach of all the most exciting distractions that life in the South of France has to offer.

For anybody who is thinking of going south for a matter of more than a few weeks during the winter, it is worth noting that the French Riviera—or at any rate the eastern part of it—has two quite distinct types of climate, according to whether you are right down at sea-level or somewhere up in the mountains away from the coast. Some people (I am not one of them myself) find the softness of the sea-level air rather enervating. But be that as it may, there is no doubt that places like Grasse and Vence have the unmistakable and invigorating tang of mountain freshness about them. Grasse, of course, enjoys a pleasant fame as the centre of the French perfume industry (the bitter orange, roses, jessamine, violets, and mimosa are the flowers most cultivated), and that alone is surely an adequate testimony to the general excellence of weather conditions there.

If the eastern end of the Riviera has up till now in its history monopolised all the fame and most of the fortune, the western end is at last emerging from obscurity and finding a place in the affections of the travel-minded. Why it escaped notice for so long is probably just because it lacks the spectacular background of the Alpes Maritimes, which with their rocky inlets and (in places) sheer descents to the sea, had a certain romantic lure for our parents and grandparents. No doubt they did not even start looking out of the train window until they got to St. Raphael—for it is here that one first really sees the mountains.

Between Hyères and St. Raphael there is a number of charming places. Hyères, as a matter of fact, has an old-established reputation, and throughout the year much English is to be heard on its golf course. The Iles d'Hyères, not far out to sea (chief among them is Porquerolles) are tempting places for an easy, lazy holiday, particularly during the bathing season, which in the Mediterranean starts blessedly early and finishes blessedly late. They are getting more popular every year, and the fishing village atmosphere will soon be gone for ever, unless—as has happened at St. Tropez—the people who visit them all take to dressing up so that they look more like simple fisherfolk than the simple fisherfolk do themselves.

Going along the coast road from Hyères, which runs close beside the sea all the way, one comes in turn to Le Lavandou, Cavalière, Bandol, Cavalaire, and Pardigon. Bandol has made great strides as a resort during the last few years, and the charm of its position (the wooded Monts des Maures rise steeply behind, making it very sheltered) is a sure promise of future fame. Cavalaire and Pardigon lie in the arc of a magnificently sandy bay, with thick pinewoods coming down right to the water's edge. These are both lovely places and inland the country of the Maures is extremely attractive. But one must not expect to find any organised gaiety at either of them, except for the fact that there is a little hotel at Cavalaire which gourmets should mark in their notebooks with a number of stars.

THE PRINCIPALITY VIEWED FROM THE HEIGHTS: The little Port of Monaco nestling beneath the hills

St. Tropez is picturesque, with a harbour full of red-sailed fishing boats — so picturesque that it is hardly possible to walk along its waterfront without tripping over somebody's easel. St. Maxime, opposite it on the other side of a narrow bay, is less picturesque but perhaps more comfortable. A. G.

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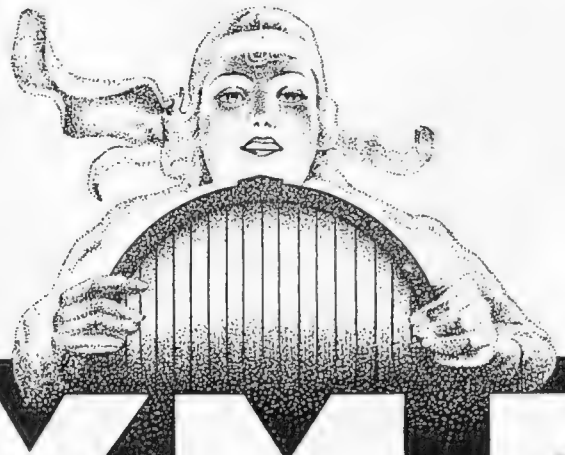
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REALITY IN TRAVEL

AN eminent psychologist declared recently that unless the mental health of the next generation is superior to that of this generation civilization will resolve itself into an elaborate and unceasing escape from reality. Modern life, he added, is replete with opportunities for escape—from chewing gum to morphia, from dancing to ocean cruises.

We may well consider this in its bearing on our holiday and travel habits. Do the idle or merely glamorous phases of travel, the holiday abandoned wholly to pleasure, suffice? A discerning consensus would, we think, answer "No!"

"Reality Tours" to South Africa, during this Winter, are therefore planned to provide leisure, enjoyment and rest, in a sunshine environment, and also to bring the traveller into contact with the peoples and places, wonders and beauty, resources and problems and, not least, the vast romance and inspiration of Africa which are living realities stirring into splendid activity.

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CONTINUATIONS

THE GREAT AUGHRABIES FALLS—*(Continued from p. 53)*

I had started from, but it was a narrow escape. Eventually we crossed higher up, after a trek through the jungle, with the aid of a floating log, and eventually gained the northern rim of the grand canyon and so saw the Falls from that side.

The canyon at this point is known to be over 500 feet deep and about 300 yards wide from rim to rim. It is the velocity and dense mass of the turgid brown column falling with a dull roar into this titanic and arid cleft that most impress one at the first glance. The epithet "awe-inspiring" has been much abused, but I can think of none better here. The fall is not quite unbroken. At dead low water a huge pot-hole can be seen in the face of the rock some 150 ft. down, but now the descending column, casting out spume and comet-like masses of amber foam as it thundered down, was sufficiently dense to conceal it, giving the whole the appearance of a single mighty leap. From this concealed pit and from the pool far below, of which 140 feet of weighted line has failed to plumb the depths, clouds of white spray and tongues of swirling vapour were constantly shot aloft with amazing violence for 200 feet and more, cloaking the lower part of the Falls. The Aughrabies, a Koranna word, by the way, meaning "Big Waters," are not beautiful like the Victoria Falls, but terrible and intensely impressive; and the whole effect is heightened by the savage aspect of the canyon itself, whose walls, scarred and riven and sheer, seem to have been cleft asunder by some appalling lightning-stroke.

The Aughrabies Falls were first filmed, at considerable risk, by my friends Mr. Louis Kraft and Mr. Scott Hayward in 1934. It is a popular error, by the way, that their discoverer was the missionary, George Thompson, who saw them in 1824 and named them "King George's Cataract." The first European to see and describe them was a certain ex-soldier, one Jacob Hendrik Wikar, originally from Gothenburg, who visited them in 1778 and sent an account of them to Baron van Plattenberg, the then Governor of the Cape of Good Hope.

Even to South Africans themselves the Aughrabies Falls are still very little known, and I should question whether the average number of visitors per annum exceeds twenty-five or thirty. They are reached from Cape Town via De Aar and Upington, from the latter of which a narrow-gauge line runs to Kakamas, fifty-five miles downstream. The total distance to Kakamas from Cape Town is 814 miles by rail, and here the last bridge crosses the Orange above the falls, which are twenty-seven miles lower down. Kakamas itself, originally founded as a colony for poor whites by the Dutch Reformed Church in 1897, is not particularly attractive. I believe it boasts one boarding establishment of sorts, but nothing can be obtained anywhere in the way of alcoholic refreshment. The visitor who is not so fortunate as I was has the choice either of stopping at the boarding-house in question or of camping-out in the vicinity of the Falls themselves.

There is a rough road—or rather track—along which I myself motored, all the way to Rooipad Farm, but it is as well to engage a driver who is thoroughly conversant with it. From November to March, during which period the Orange is subject to sudden floods, the heat can be intense, reaching at times to 115° or 120° in the shade, and a hot wind off the near-by Kalahari strikes one as if belched out from the mouth of an oven. By road the distance from Cape Town to the Falls is no more than about 485 miles, and Mr. Ben Nel has more than once covered it in the day by making an early start.

WHAT MUSSOLINI IS COSTING FLEET STREET—*(Continued from p. 60)*

The office had already paid, before he left London, the cost of inoculating him against six different tropical diseases, headed by malaria, blackwater fever, and leprosy. They have already paid a life insurance premium and a £50 deposit at the Ethiopian Legation in Paris. Here are some of his items:

	£	s.	d.
Horse for self, mule for servant interpreter, and saddles for both of us -	22	10	0
Tent - - - - - -	8	0	0
Riding-breeches and boots - -	6	3	0
Torch - - - - - -	0	18	0
Mules and accommodation for two nights between Djibouti and Addis Ababa - - - - -	6	2	0
Taxi to go to station to see troops arrive - - - - -	1	7	6
Entertaining Ethiopian officials, per week - - - - -	20	0	0
Personal expenses, per day - -	2	0	0

O'Dowd Gallagher was one of the earliest correspondents to leave London for Abyssinia. He took £568. He has spent practically all of it. In fact, by the time this appears in print a further sum will have been sent to him. On his arrival, for example, he had to pay out £150 to supply himself with private guards and a tropical kit. He has to pay his guards a certain sum each week. He also had to buy himself a revolver, the price of which has slipped me. Each week he cables 2,500 words at an average rate of 1s. 4d. Moreover, now that war has begun he has probably had to buy campaigning kits for both himself and his interpreter.

The *Daily Express* has also to bear the brunt of special arrangements for photographs. This has already reached the figure of £2,300, and Mr. Sutton estimates that the first battle pictures will have cost between £650 and £1,000 when they appear in the *Daily Express*. Thereafter they will cost a few hundreds. Their photographers are equipped, of course, with long distance lense cameras. To protect itself further, the *Daily Express* has paid a lump sum of £250 to a certain picture agency as supplementary to their own photographic service.

Well, there you are. To send a man to Abyssinia and back costs about £190. If, as the *Daily Mail* has done, a special writer like Evelyn Waugh is hired, there is the extra cost of his salary. And goodness knows, it would have cost a packet to have sent *me*.

One must also take into account the cost of cabling instructions to the various correspondents. Twenty or thirty words every day at 2s. 9d. a word mount up very quickly.

Let me say in conclusion that it needed all my customary tact and persistence to persuade these representative Editors to give me this information. Newspapers are not inclined in the ordinary way to hide their lamp under a bushel, but they are usually most conservative in disclosing any details of their internal working arrangements. Let me express my gratitude, and that of the Editor of THE SPHERE, for their collaboration.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

During these serious times the children must not be forgotten. In the Society's Homes at Bisley, Esher, London, Orpington, Royston, and Twickenham, and in the Training Ship *Arethusa* are 1,100 poor boys and girls, who are being trained to become good and useful men and women. This great work is in urgent need of funds, and a special appeal is made to readers of THE SPHERE to send donations. Over 33,000 children have already passed through the Society's Homes and Training Ship. All gifts will be gratefully acknowledged from 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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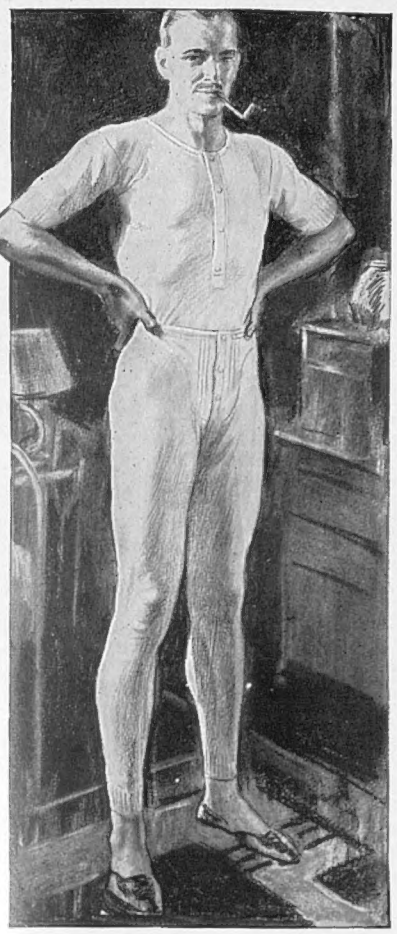

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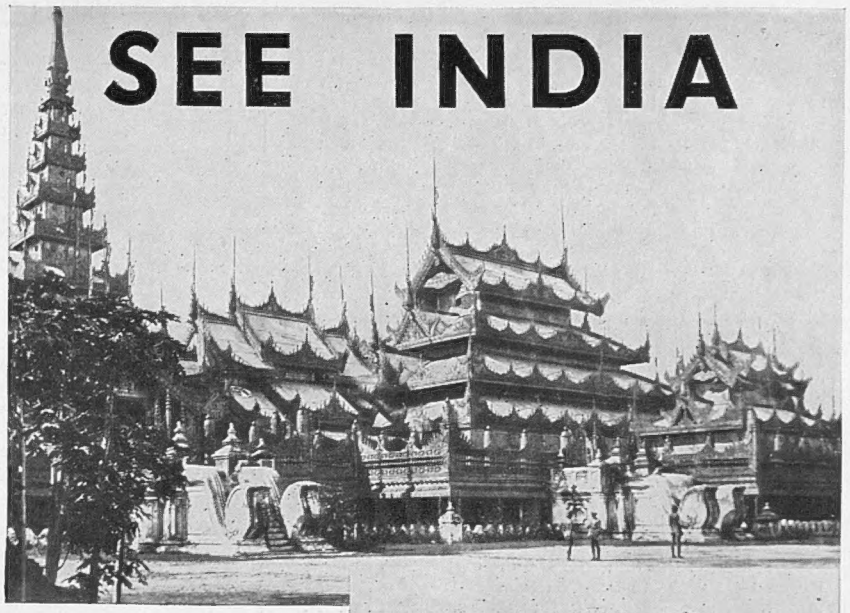

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PLAYS, OPERA, AND BALLET

(Continued from p. 69)

devoutly hope will not be the last—was immaculate, Sir Thomas Beecham rising to heights which I doubt whether even he has attained before. British music-lovers owe many things to Sir Thomas, and a great portion of the debt is his production of *Koanga*.

For the rest, the no-longer-mysterious "Madame Lisa Perli," otherwise, and in fact, Miss Dora Labette, sang beautifully and looked lovely in one of the best all-round performances I have ever seen. The glorious singing of Miss Eva Turner in *Un Ballo in Maschera*—I share the enthusiasm of that discerning patron, Mr. Osbert Sitwell for Miss Turner, but not for this opera—was another thing for which to be proud and thankful. And I hope that magnificent bass, Signor Vincenzo Bettoni, great singer and great comedian, won't have to go to Abyssinia; we want to hear and see him at Covent Garden for many seasons to come.

Theatrical Posters.—I advise all those interested in the historical aspect of the theatre to see the collection of theatrical posters which opened last week at the Victoria and Albert Museum. The collection, presented by Mr. M. J. Landa, takes a deal of finding—it is in Room 71, which is reached only after thousands of stairs and miles of corridors—but the effort is well worth the making.

"With the decline of melodrama," writes Mr. Landa in an interesting pamphlet, "the day of the theatrical poster is virtually over." I would say rather that it is quite over, for I believe that not one of the theatres open in London to-day is using pictorial advertising. The last, or almost the last, evidence of it was the fine work done by Lovat Fraser for the Lyric, Hammersmith, when it was under the control of the late Sir Nigel Playfair. I remember, too, an unforgettably effective poster Aubrey Hammond did for a Grand Guignol season at the Little Theatre.

But in the days when I was haunting the pit as an enthusiastic but impecunious schoolboy nearly every play had its pictures on the hoardings. I am speaking of some little time after the crude melodramatic horrors of *When London Sleeps* and the Druriodramas, when, goggle-eyed, one could gaze at trains falling from bridges and heroines bound to railway lines with an express in the distance. Perhaps the best period of this form of art was that which I first remember—Tree in his various roles (particularly twirling his beard as Malvolio), everything Buchel did, red-headed Bernard Shaw, Sir Martin Harvey in a scene from *The Only Way*. These and many more are in the collection, with Dudley Hardy, Hassall, Norman Wilkinson, the Beggarstaff Brothers and Aubrey Beardsley among the artists represented.

NAVAL BLOCKADING ANCIENT AND MODERN

A Mode of Warfare that has Frequently Proved its Efficacy

Most laymen, seeing an inevitable connection between sanctions and blockade, are apt to picture Nelson's ship monotonously sailing to and fro almost within range of the Toulon defences, or anchored for days when the wind failed, and merely to substitute modern grey ironclads for the old chequer-sided line-of-battle ships and frigates. The picture is quite incorrect: The naval blockade won the war with Germany, yet not a single ship on duty was ever seen from the German coast.

A naval blockade is one of the most effective weapons of warfare, but in modern conditions it is difficult to maintain.

The value of the weapon was realised as soon as ships could be built sufficiently seaworthy to keep their station off an enemy's coast. The seventeenth century was the real beginning; prior to that date it was quite ineffective and an attack with landing parties was the method generally preferred. The eighteenth century was its most picturesque and also its most difficult period; with an on-shore wind the blockading sailing ships were always liable to be driven on to a lee shore and wrecked, while a gale off the shore would drive them away and permit the ships inside to slip out and be well away before they were back on their station.

Yet the British fleets blockaded the French, Spanish, Dutch, and American coasts during our various wars, and considering the difficulties they did it remarkably effectively.

It was a business that called for infinite patience, high moral, and first-class seamanship, which is perhaps why the Americans took to it so keenly after they had received a painful lesson of its efficiency at our hands during the unhappy 1812–14 war. When they fought Mexico they instituted a blockade and in the Civil War it was the weapon which led to the downfall of the Confederacy and the re-establishment of the Union. The Southern States had no navy to drive off the blockading fleet and possessing practically no manufactures had to rely on outside sources for everything.

At first the blockade was maintained by almost anything that would float and mount a gun: several paddle ferries that normally ran across the river at New York and even sailing yachts were commissioned for the work. It was therefore quite easy for any full-powered steamer of reasonable speed to get in and out almost as she wished. But the blockading fleet was steadily improved in quantity and quality and a fast ship was soon needed for a successful run.

Prices in the South were rising and it was worth sending a number of fast vessels, including a number of paddle excursion steamers, from the Clyde and other British rivers across the Atlantic. When the blockade became really effective the British yards built specially designed blockade-runners of light draught and remarkable speed, incidentally accelerating the technique of naval architecture by a decade or more. They were expensive, and many of them were lost, but there was very big money in the game.

In that war the blockaders were never out of sight of land, and at night they steamed close inshore, making it remarkably effective.

A blockade of Germany was naturally a principal feature in the naval plans which were drawn up when war was seen to be inevitable.

As it was obvious that the arena of the battle fleets, if they ever met, must be in the North Sea, the blockade of Germany was, up to a certain point, comparatively simple. The bulk of her overseas supplies must come from the West. The Straits of Dover could be sealed quite easily with land guns, mines, and naval small craft. No supply ship could get through without minute examination, and her hopes were centred on the Northern route round Scotland.

Here our main naval forces were concentrated on Scapa Flow, and were the real backbone of the blockade although they did not appear in it. The actual work was done far out into the Atlantic and up into the Arctic, with an inner cordon in case anything slipped through. The Tenth Cruiser Squadron shouldered the bulk of the work. At first it was composed of obsolete cruisers surplus to the needs of the squadrons and Grand Fleet. They were reckoned to be quite sufficient to tackle merchant ships trying to slip through the blockade; they soon proved quite insufficient to tackle the elements and were replaced by commissioned liners mounting old guns. It was they who forced Germany into submission, yet a single properly armed and protected cruiser could have rolled up the whole line without difficulty. It was the "Fleet in Being" at Scapa Flow which prevented its being done.

Even so the blockade was not quite complete. Any amount of supplies went over the land frontiers of Holland, Switzerland, and Denmark and there was a steady stream of contraband by sea from Sweden.

In the event of sanctions imposed by all the Powers in the League of Nations leading to a blockade of Italy, which most people hope will not be the case, the holding of the Gut of Gibraltar and the Southern approaches to the Suez Canal would be sufficient, although it would lead to great hardships in many quarters and infinite inconvenience to peaceful shipping.

F. C. Bowen

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Keswick, English Lakes.—The Keswick Hotel.
Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel.
Leamington Spa.—Manor House Hotel.
Leamington Spa.—Regent Hotel.
Littlehampton.—Southlands Private Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Paignton.—Redcliffe Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Victoria Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Fortfield Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel.
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Hydro Hotel, Daddyhole Plain.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Tunbridge Wells.—Spa Hotel. Tel. 1912.
Worthing.—Percival's Hotel. Sea front. Tel. 1651.

LONDON

De Vere Hotel, S.W.7. West 0051.
Hans Crescent Hotel, Knightsbridge, S.W.1.
The Stafford Hotel, St. James's, S.W.1.

SCOTLAND

Ballater (Deeside).—Cambus O'May Hotel.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel, Melville Crescent

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Rostrevor (Co. Down).—Great N. (Rly.) Hotel.

IRISH FREE STATE

Glendalough, Co. Wicklow.—Royal Hotel.
Greystones, Co. Wicklow.—Grand Hotel.

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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

(See also 3rd page of Cover)

G., Norfolk (Switzerland).—Lugano on Lake Lugano, and Locarno on Lake Maggiore are pleasant for a winter holiday. Situated in sheltered positions both towns have a mild and sunny winter climate, the air being bright and clear. The surrounding scenery is very beautiful and offers unlimited scope for walks. The Castagnola district of Lugano is particularly well protected from north winds, hotels there including the Muller and the Helvetia, the latter smaller and cheaper than the Muller. In Locarno there is the Hotel Beau-Rivage and the Hotel Zucherhof.

D., Leics. (Jamaica).—The mean temperature at sea-level in Jamaica is 78·8° F., and ranges from this to 65° F. at 4,000 ft. The heat is tempered by sea breezes during the day and land breezes at night. There are several first-class hotels in Kingston and its suburbs, the Myrtle Bank Hotel on the sea-front having its own swimming pool. The Constant Spring Hotel, six miles out of Kingston, has its own private 18-hole golf course. Prices range from 25s. per day at the Myrtle Bank Hotel and 30s. per day at the Constant Spring Hotel. There is a yacht club (Royal Jamaica Yacht Club), and a race track at Kingston, good fishing being had in and near Kingston Harbour. Jamaica can be reached by Pacific Steam Navigation Company, Fyffes Line, or the Jamaica Direct Line.

B., London (Christmas Cruise).—The *Atlantis* of the Royal Mail Line leaves Southampton on December 20 for a twenty-days' cruise to Lisbon, Freetown (Sierra Leone, West Africa), Bathurst (Gambia, West Africa), La Palma (Canary Isles) and Madeira. The fare ranges from 34 guineas. The *Arandora Star* of the Blue Star Line also leaves Southampton on December 20 for a twenty-days' cruise to Madeira, Bathurst, Freetown, Teneriffe and La Palma, fares ranging from 34 guineas. The *Atlantis* and the *Arandora Star* are two of the most modern and luxurious cruising ships.

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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

W., Lancs. (Ceylon and Burma).—The best months for a visit to Ceylon are January and February. March and April are dry, but except in the hills it is hot then. From May to December it is nearly always wet, though the rains keep the atmosphere comparatively cool, and it is not so continuous as to make a visit unenjoyable. The mean maximum temperatures at Colombo during January and February are 87° Fah. and 88·1° Fah. respectively, the mean minimum temperatures being 72·6° Fah. and 73·9° Fah. respectively. The Galle Face Hotel at Colombo is the leading hotel there. Kandy and Nuwara Eliya are the two chief hill stations, but as you are visiting Ceylon chiefly for the climate, we would advise you to stay at Kandy rather than Nuwara Eliya, for the latter is at a height of 6,240 ft., the climate in January being much cooler than at Kandy, with early-morning frosts. You can motor to Nuwara Eliya from Kandy, the journey taking about two hours. The Queen's Hotel at Kandy is excellent, and you will find facilities for golf and tennis there. Rangoon can be reached from Colombo by Bibby Line steamer, there being a fortnightly service, or by British India Line from Madras or Calcutta.

L., Cork (Austria).—You would find excellent skiing conditions at Vent from early December until April, as it lies at a height of 6,211 ft. Vent is situated at the foot of the Wildspitze in the Oetztal Alps, and is reached via Oetztal station from where it is a two-and-a-half hour journey by bus to Zwieselstein, the remainder of the journey being made by sledge. There is a good skiing school at Vent, and there are six skiing huts in the district, suitable as halting places for skiing tours. The Hotel Vent charges from nine to fourteen Austrian schillings per day. The Austrian Federal Railways are granting a 60 per cent. reduction on rail travel in Austria, providing the passenger remains at least seven days in the country.

N., Sussex (Orient Line).—As you do not require a cruise, we think one of the longest and most pleasant sea voyages is that to Australia by Orient Line boat. This line quotes a special return fare to Australia, the return 1st-class fare being £140, providing passengers return on the same voyage of the same ship. Extra attractions for the coming season are the cruises to New Zealand which the *Orama* and the *Otranto* will make upon arrival in Australia, there being no extra charge for these. The *Orama* leaves London on November 9, arriving back in London on February 13, the *Otranto* leaving London on December 21, arriving back on March 26. Both ships call at Gibraltar, Palma, Toulon, Naples, Port Said, Aden, Colombo, Fremantle, Adelaide, Melbourne, Brisbane, Sydney, Auckland, and Wellington.

L., Yorks. (Majorca).—Palma can be reached by Orient Line boat *(Orama)* from London on November 9 arriving in Palma on November 14 or by Henderson Line boat from Liverpool. The winter climate of Majorca is mild, sunny, and dry. A good hotel there is the Principe Alfonso, a smaller hotel being the Inglesa. There are only weekly sailings from Marseilles to Palma, the route you have in mind probably being that via Barcelona from where there are daily sailings, excepting Sundays.

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered

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Menton.—Grand Hotel du Parc.—First class. Most central. Home comforts. Weekly pension terms from £4.

Nice.—Atlantic Hotel.—First-class, 200 rooms. Own Gar. with lock-ups. Attr. terms. Annexe: Hotel Adelphi. Rms. fr. Frs. 25. Entir. renov.

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Munich. — Grand Hotel Continental. — First-class throughout, in quiet location. Moderate terms. Garage.

Stuttgart. — Hotel Graf Zeppelin. — Facing Main Station. The most up-to-date Hotel in South Germany.

GERMANY—*continued.*

Stuttgart. — Hotel Viktoria. — Most distinguished world-wide known house. Seasonable terms.

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Wiesbaden. — Hotel Rose. — World-renowned Hotel, own bathing establishment. Patronised by H.R.H. Prince of Wales. Pen. fr. Marks 11.

Wiesbaden.—Palast Hotel.—First-class Hotel, opposite Kochbrunnen. Every possible comfort. Own bath-estab. Pens. from RM. 10.

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Canas.—Hotel Urgeirica.—Every comfort. Ex cuisine. Amgst beautiful gdns & charming cntry. Tennis, glf, swming, fishing. G. Fibich, Mngr.

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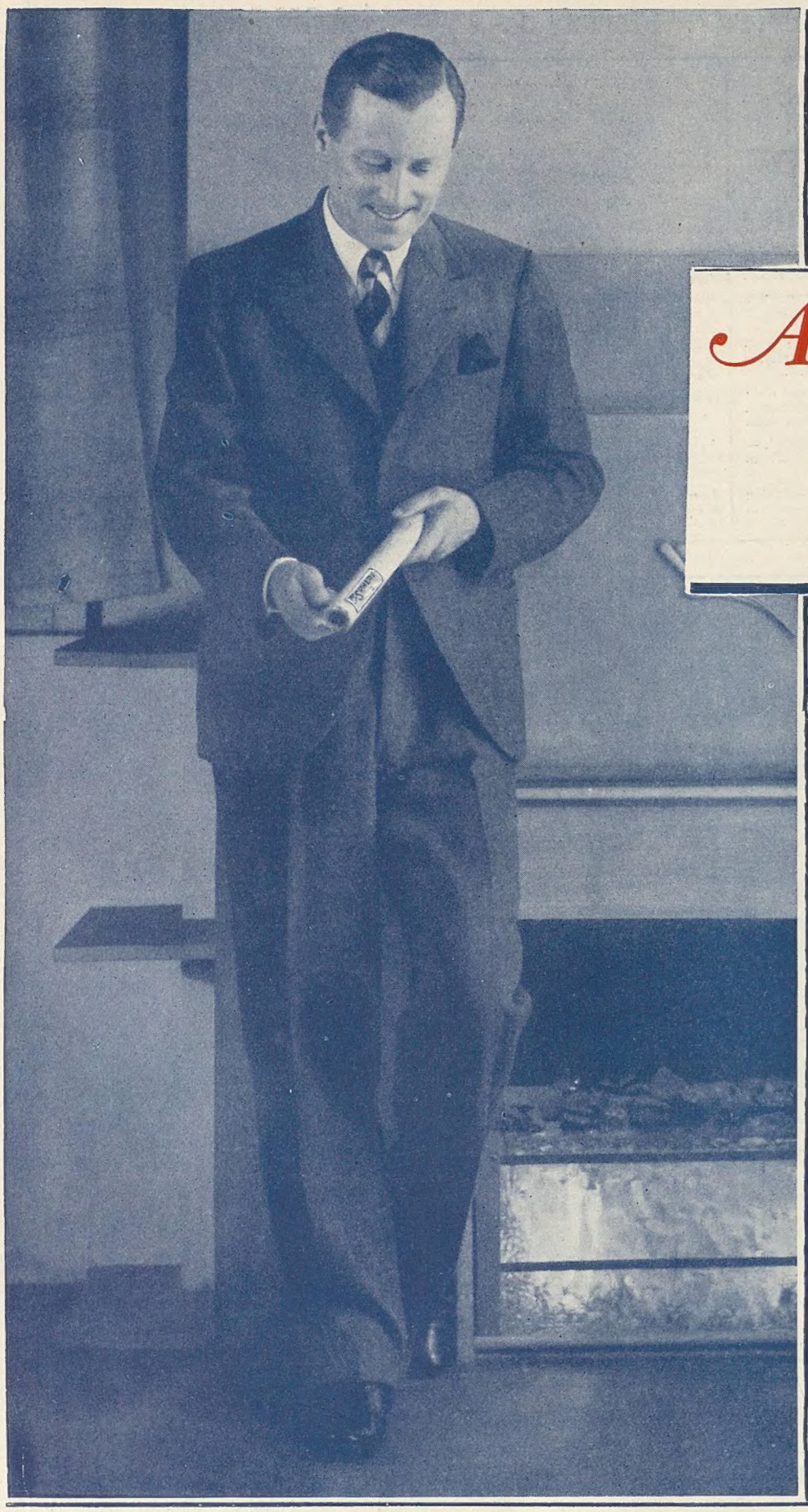

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